

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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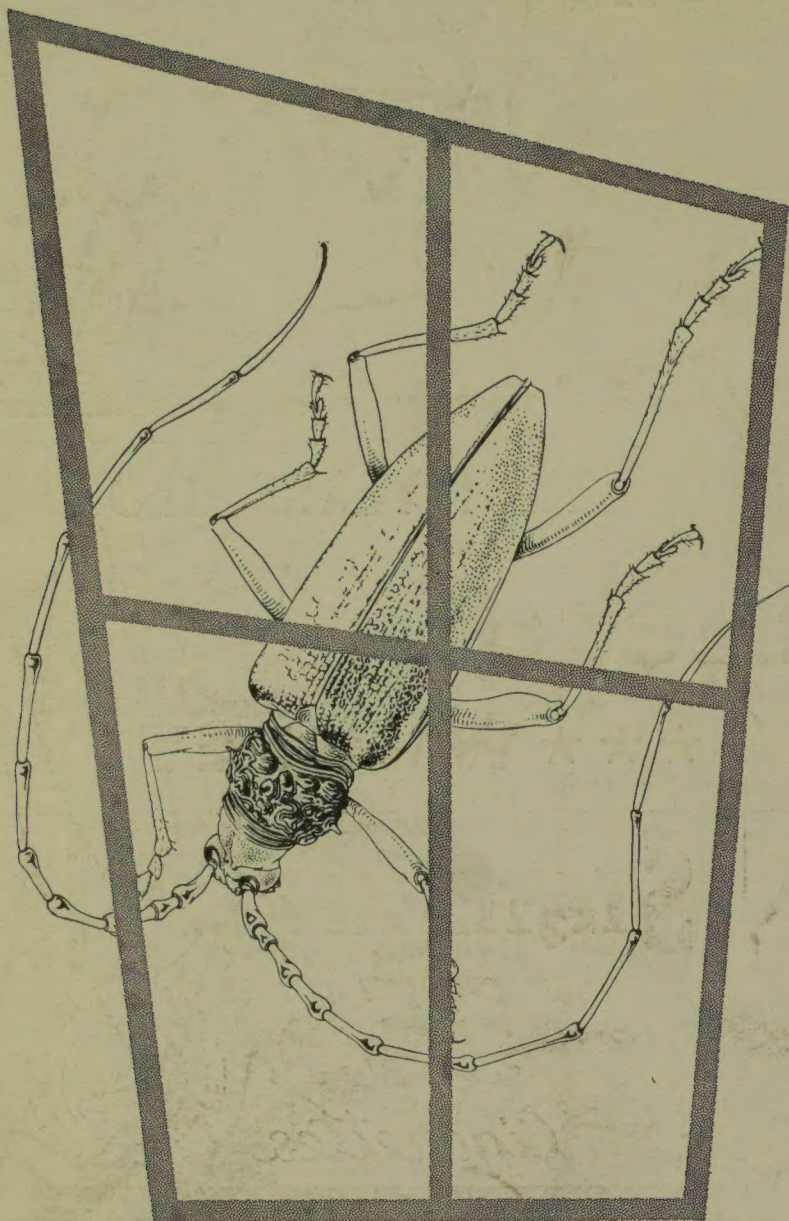
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JANUARY

ANCESTRAL VOICES

In January 1878 there was opened in London the first Exhibition of the telephone. Our Almanacks tell us little about it. Gladstone did not make a statement, nor the Laureate compose an Ode, for the event. Only the comic weeklies ran jovial prognostications of the horrors-to-come from the invasion of the privacy of the home.

Today we no longer have any privacy worth invading. But what became of those early telephone machines? Screwed to the wall, with a good deal of fancy woodwork, they ran on steam (didn't they?), they had a little black wheel for cranking up with, and a mouthpiece clumsily adjustable to the speaking height of grandfather (6 ft.) and grandmother (5 ft. 2 ins.).

Where have these contraptions gone? We have our own theory to answer this otherwise baffling question. In the daredevil romances of our childhood, the hero (intrepid Subaltern on a special mission) or villain (guttural anarchist) often put through a 'phone call, and then made sure that nobody else would. How did he do it? He 'tore the whole machine from the wall by its roots, and threw it on the floor'. The Edwardian telephones could stand up to a lot, but they couldn't survive being torn out by the roots and thrown on the floor by characters in *Chums* and the *B.O.P.* Sooner or later the breed became extinct.



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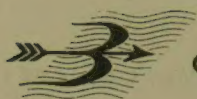


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SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1955.



LUCK AND 100,000 YEN FOR TWO OUT OF 1500 YOUNG JAPANESE: A SECTION OF THE NEW YEAR CEREMONIAL "SCRUM" AT THE TEMPLE OF KWANNON, AT SAIDAIJI.

The great holiday of the Japanese nation is at the New Year, which in many country districts is celebrated according to the lunar calendar, and thus generally comes in the first half of February. One of the strangest of the New Year festivals is the ancient ceremony observed at the temple of Kwannon, Saigaiji. Every year at the appointed time some 1500 young men, wearing only loin cloths, assemble there, and compete for the possession of two wooden batons (*shingi*), which are

tossed down by the chief priest of the temple into the midst of the milling crowd. The event takes place in the dark, and though the batons cannot be seen, they are scented with camphor, which can be detected at a distance of 30 ft. The two men who seize the batons and succeed in leaving the temple with them sell them to merchants, who pay 100,000 yen for them as lucky mascots, a sum which represents \$275 or about £90. The ceremony is further illustrated on other pages.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"EVERY moment is a point standing between the Present and the Past, but not thus can every moment be regarded; they vanish too swiftly to be seized by reflection. Days elapse with almost a little note; even weeks and months depart, and leave but dim and vague impressions. It is not till we stand on the limits of the larger portions of time that we note them 'by their loss.' Thus, though the passing Hour may not awaken a thought, it is not so with the passing Year. It is impossible, when that which has witnessed so much of human chance, change, and passion, is joining 'the years beyond the Flood,' not to pause, and, looking back on the Past through Memory, and on the Future through Hope, reflect awhile on all the old year has left us, and all the new one is likely to bring."

So wrote my predecessor in the new year's issue of this journal 110 years ago. Had I not been stopped by my own idle curiosity to discover what a fellow-toiler in words had had to say so long ago under precisely similar circumstances, I should no doubt have written much the same thing myself. I might not have done it as well, and I doubt if I should have been able to keep it up for as long, for the writer's prose flows on, paragraph after paragraph, with the gathering and effortless velocity of a well-oiled bicycle going downhill:

"Such reflections are by no means altogether mournful, for we find the New Year is generally welcomed among us with gladness, as if men were 'not unrejoiced' to see the other face of old Janus. Twelve months have made us familiar enough with the departing guest; we hasten his going, and speed the farewell we take of him; we are not ungrateful for his good, nor peevish with him for his evil; it is not in anger we part, though, perhaps, with something of weariness; he is 'a tale that is told'; he is exhausted; he has run through his changes, and we begin to say, 'Friend, thou art tedious.' So as he sits with us in his last hours, we make them cheerful ones, and dismiss him from our hearth as we received him to it—with festivity. He hears his last song, drinks his last cup, and, as the foot of his successor crosses the threshold, he vanishes into the darkness of the Abyss of the Past, and we meet him no more for ever.

He leaves with us varied memories, dark or bright according to our own deeds in his presence; he leaves many tokens of his course, which, sad or pleasant, none can escape. But all this only makes the New Year more welcome. It awakens new hopes, fresh energies and often better resolves; and, however vain the year as it becomes old may prove them to be, they give a charm to the time and a character to the season, of which it were a pity to see it deprived. At this time, too, we look back, and sum up all that the past year has borne to us..."

At this point, though reluctantly, I feel I had better stop and dismount or my predecessor will have run away with the whole of my space! But it is comforting, having, as it were, scribbled in the New Year eighteen times on this page, to discover how much there still remains to be said about the occasion without being monotonous or even scarcely repeating oneself at all.

Fortunately history itself never repeats itself. The pictures in this far-away New Year's issue of *The Illustrated London News* are as unlike those appearing in this week's issue as the writing of its principal scribe is like mine. There are enchanting drawings of the sailors of her Majesty's ship *Hyacinth* capturing a slaver off Fish Bay, on the West coast of Africa; of a distribution of the Queen's and Prince Albert's New Year's gifts to the poor and needy families residing within the Borough of New Windsor, including a number of joints of beef weighing, it is stated—and it certainly looks like it—nearly a ton, pyramids of plum puddings and huge quartern loaves decorated with laurel; of the little timber town of Houston, capital of Texas, on its wooded hillside above a moonlit river, and of "one of those half-military, half-plebeian reviews which the patriotic militia of the republic are in the habit of exhibiting to their courageous fellow countrymen." My

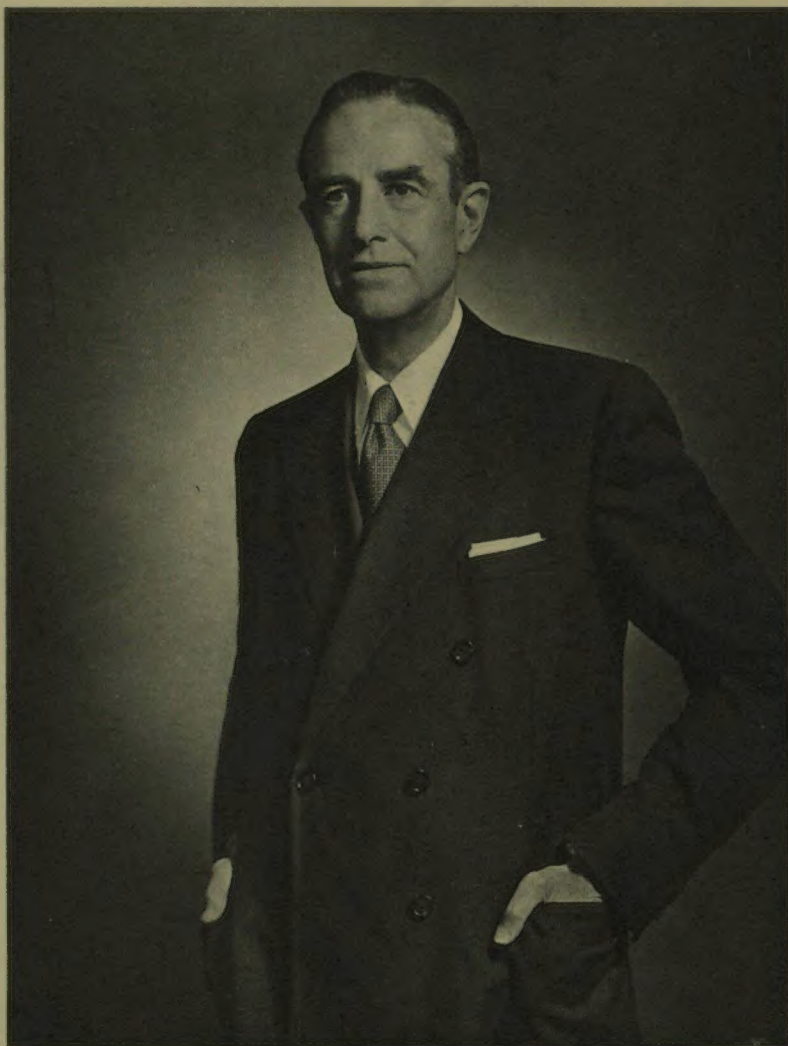
predecessor's general summary of the past year—"we cannot," he tells us, "indulge in such a retrospect with sufficient minuteness"—is that "as a nation we have been prosperous; peace and plenty have blessed the land, and beneath their happy influence commerce has flourished." Many of the pictures in the journal's vast bound volume for the previous year show it doing so, as one imposing warehouse and emporium after another arose with their long, attendant rows of little artisans' houses on northern moor and field, and as the new iron railways began to stretch out across the land. "Nearly every branch of industry has been employed," the writer continues, "the revenue has increased; the interest of our enormous debt has been raised with more facility; the abundance of capital seeking for investment created a competition that enabled the Chancellor of the Exchequer to dictate terms to the public creditor; even the Income-tax has been borne with far less dissatisfaction than could have been expected." It comes, therefore,

with rather a shock to recall this was the year in which Engels wrote his terrible and, I am afraid, perfectly truthful description of working-class conditions in the immediate vicinity of the chief centre of all this abounding prosperity, Manchester. Here, for instance, is that observer's account of the view of the Irk from Ducie Bridge, a picture which, one feels, can only have been drawn from the life:

"The view from this bridge, mercifully concealed from mortals of small stature by a parapet as high as a man, is characteristic for the whole district. At the bottom flows, or rather stagnates, the Irk, a narrow, coal-black, foul-smelling stream full of debris and refuse which it deposits on the shallower right bank. In dry weather, a long string of the most disgusting, blackish-green, slime pools are left standing on this bank, from the depths of which bubbles of miasmatic gas constantly arise and give forth a stench unendurable even on the bridge, forty or fifty feet above the surface of the stream. . . . It may be easily imagined, therefore, what sort of residue the stream deposits. Below the bridge you look upon the piles of debris, the refuse, filth, and offal from the courts on the steep left bank; here each house is packed close behind its neighbour and a piece of each is visible, all black, smoky, crumbling, ancient, with broken panes and window frames. . . . Here the background embraces the pauper burial-ground, the station of the Liverpool and Leeds Railway, and in the rear of this, the Workhouse, the 'Poor-Law Bastille' of Manchester, which, like a citadel, looks threateningly down from behind its high walls and parapets on the hill-top upon the working people's quarter below."

In one group of thirty hovels, housing 380 people, the same patient compiler of social statistics wrote of this dismal scene, there was not one single privy, while in Little Ireland, in near-by Ancoats, almost every garret contained a dozen inhabitants. My predecessor put all this, of which he was not wholly unaware, in a more urbane way. "The brightness of the picture is not without shadows, and dark ones too. The external peace is not internal content; in the prosperity all do not share; in the plenty all do not participate; and far down in the depths of society lie restless, unquiet, and dangerous elements. To deal with these is becoming more and more the engrossing question.

The proof of this the attention now paid to subjects with which politics are only indirectly connected. Parks and gardens, in the vicinity of populous towns; better habitations for the working classes; more perfect drainage to remove a constant source of disease; baths and washing houses to place cleanliness of clothes and person within the reach of all;—all these plans for social improvement have taken, during the past year, a more definite form, and some of them have been actually commenced." The brilliant achievements of war, he concludes, and the noisy triumphs of party and policy, rarely have such beneficial results. "These alone are sufficient to make 1844 a year worthy of remembrance!" One wonders what he would have made of 1954 and the triumphs and attendant restraints of the Welfare State!



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE WHO TAKES OFFICE TO-DAY, JANUARY 1: MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN (DEMOCRAT), A LEADING FIGURE IN AMERICAN POLITICS AND EQUALLY WELL KNOWN IN EUROPE.

In the American mid-term elections Mr. Averell Harriman (Democrat) defeated Senator Irving Lves, the Republican candidate, in the contest for the Governorship of New York State. Mr. Harriman, one of the great personalities in the world of American politics, is as well known in Europe as in the United States. Born in 1891, he is a shipping and railway magnate. He was Chairman of the Board of the Union Pacific Railroad Co., 1932-46; Chairman of the Board of the Merchant Shipbuilding Corporation, 1917-25; and of W. A. Harriman and Co. (merged with Brown Bros. 1931), 1920-30. In 1941 he became President Roosevelt's special representative in Great Britain with the rank of Minister; and in the same year was Special Representative of the President and Chairman of the President's Special Mission to the U.S.S.R. with the rank of Ambassador. He was U.S. Ambassador to Russia, 1943-46; and to this country in 1946. From 1946-48 he was U.S. Secretary of Commerce; in 1948 he became U.S. Special Representative in Europe under the Economic Co-operation Act of 1948 (with rank of Ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary). In 1949 he became United States Representative on North Atlantic Defence, Financial and Economic Committee. In 1950 he was appointed Special Assistant to President Truman, and in the following year Director of Foreign Aid under the Mutual Security Act. [Photograph by Fabian Bachrach.]



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WITH HER CHILDREN: A CHARMING CHRISTMASTIDE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH PORTRAYS THE STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO THEIR MOTHER BORNE BY THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.

Christmas is above all a family occasion and throughout the world families are reunited at the time of this great festival. The Royal family have long celebrated Christmas as an informal family occasion and for many years now have chosen Sandringham, the Sovereign's country house in Norfolk, as the place in which they can best set aside the cares of state and enjoy the quiet—or not too quiet—happiness of a family holiday. This Christmas the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh

once again went to Sandringham with their children and the closest members of their family, but the Christmas before was spent many thousands of miles away in New Zealand where, it may be recalled, the Queen made her Christmas broadcast to the Commonwealth from Government House in Auckland. December 25 marked a double celebration for the Duchess of Gloucester, who was fifty-three on that day, and Princess Alexandra, who was eighteen.

Portrait study by Marcus Adams.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS: INCIDENTS, A DISASTER, AND MARSHAL TITO IN INDIA.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST TRAFFIC SIGNS. SITUATED AT THE EDGE OF THE U.S. SECTOR OF BERLIN, IT WARNS TRAVELLERS TO TURN BACK UNLESS THEY ARE GOING TO WESTERN GERMANY BY AUTOBAHN—THE SOVIET SECTOR LIES AHEAD.



AFTER IT HAD BEEN STRUCK BY THE ITALIAN AIRLINES DC6 ON DECEMBER 18: THE BLAZING PIER AT JAMAICA BAY.



BEING HOISTED UP BY CRANE FROM JAMAICA BAY INTO A BOAT: WRECKAGE OF THE ITALIAN AIRLINES DC6 WHICH CRASHED, KILLING TWENTY-SIX.

An Italian Airlines DC6 crashed on December 18, when making its fourth attempt to land at Idlewild in heavy rain, hitting a jetty at Jamaica Bay, which was transformed into a sheet of flame. All ten of the crew of the aircraft, which had flown from Milan and Rome, were killed, and only six passengers survived; having been thrown clear from the aircraft.



DISORDERS IN CYPRUS: BANDS OF STUDENTS AND SCHOOLBOYS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF NICOSIA CARRYING GREEK FLAGS AND SHOUTING "ENOSIS!"

Serious riots took place in Nicosia on December 18, when schoolboys and students, whose average age was not over fifteen, staged protests against the United Nations decision, by 50 to nil, not to discuss the question of self-determination for Cyprus. Bottles and stones were hurled, the Union Jack was hauled down from



CARRYING SHIELDS TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM THE STONES AND BOTTLES THROWN BY RIOTERS: POLICE IN NICOSIA ADVANCING ON THE MOB OF STUDENTS.

the tourist office, and twenty-three persons were injured. Riots also took place in Limassol, and there was a shooting incident. On December 20, King Paul of the Hellenes, in a broadcast, called on Greeks to keep calm on the Cyprus issue.



MARSHAL TITO'S VISIT TO INDIA: THE HEAD OF THE YUGOSLAV STATE INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE INDIAN NAVY AT BOMBAY.



WITH THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. NEHRU (LEFT), THE PRESIDENT, DR. PRASAD, AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT, DR. RADHAKRISHNAN (RIGHT): MARSHAL TITO AT NEW DELHI ON ARRIVAL.

President Tito, first Head of a Communist State to visit India, arrived in the cruiser *Galeb* at Bombay on December 16, for his State visit to India, originally planned to last eighteen days but later extended to include a visit to South India on his return from Burma. He was given a most enthusiastic reception in Bombay and proceeded in a special train to Delhi, where pageantry recalling the old Viceregal days was staged in his honour. He and Mr. Nehru have been holding talks on world problems, including Formosa and Germany. Marshal Tito addressed a joint session of the two Houses of Parliament on December 21, and spoke of Yugoslavian relations with Russia and other Iron Curtain countries.

SOME RECENT NEWS ITEMS, AND RUSSIAN GREETINGS—AND ESPIONAGE.



A NEW STATUTE FOR THE NETHERLANDS: QUEEN JULIANA (CENTRE), IN THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS AT THE HAGUE, SIGNING THE NEW STATUTE OF THE REALM ON DECEMBER 15.

On December 15, during splendid ceremonies which included a State drive in the Golden Carriage, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands signed a new statute of the realm. Under this statute, the Netherlands, Surinam (better known in this country as Dutch Guiana) and the Netherlands Antilles

will co-operate on a footing of equality in a single realm under the House of Orange. Each of the three parts of the new kingdom will be free and autonomous in domestic matters but will subscribe to a joint policy for foreign affairs, defence, culture, social affairs and economic matters.



THE COLLIE WHOSE DEVOTION IS TO BE HONOURED WITH A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE: TIP, WHO STAYED BESIDE HER DEAD MASTER, FOR THREE MONTHS LAST WINTER. Tip, who stayed with her dead eighty-five-year-old master for three months (December 12, 1953, to March 27, 1954), when his body was lost on the moors in the Peak District, has already received many honours for her devotion and is now to have a plaque erected near Bamford, Derbyshire. She is seen here with the great-niece of her old master, the shepherd, Joseph Tagg.



FLOODLIT FOR THE FIRST TIME: MR. EPSTEIN'S STATUE OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD ON THE BRIDGE JOINING THE HOUSES OF THE CONVENT SCHOOL OF THE HOLY CHILD, CAVENDISH SQUARE. THE ILLUMINATION MARKS THE END OF THE MARIAN YEAR.



"AN EFFECTIVE AND DANGEROUS SOVIET AGENT WITH BOTH BEAUTY AND BRAINS": IRMGARD SCHMIDT, WHO WAS SENTENCED AT BONN TO FIVE YEARS IMPRISONMENT. On December 21 Irmgard Schmidt, before a United States High Commission Court at Bonn, pleaded guilty to two charges of collecting information and passing it to the Russians, and attempting to obtain information as an agent of the Soviet secret service from an American counter-intelligence department in Berlin. She was sentenced to five years on each charge, to run concurrently.



RUSSIAN SEASONAL GREETINGS FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN. CHRISTMAS IS NOT OFFICIALLY RECOGNISED BY THE SOVIET AND THE CARDS READ "TO THE NEW YEAR." THE BEARDED CHARACTER IS "FATHER FROST," THE TREES, "NEW YEAR TREES."

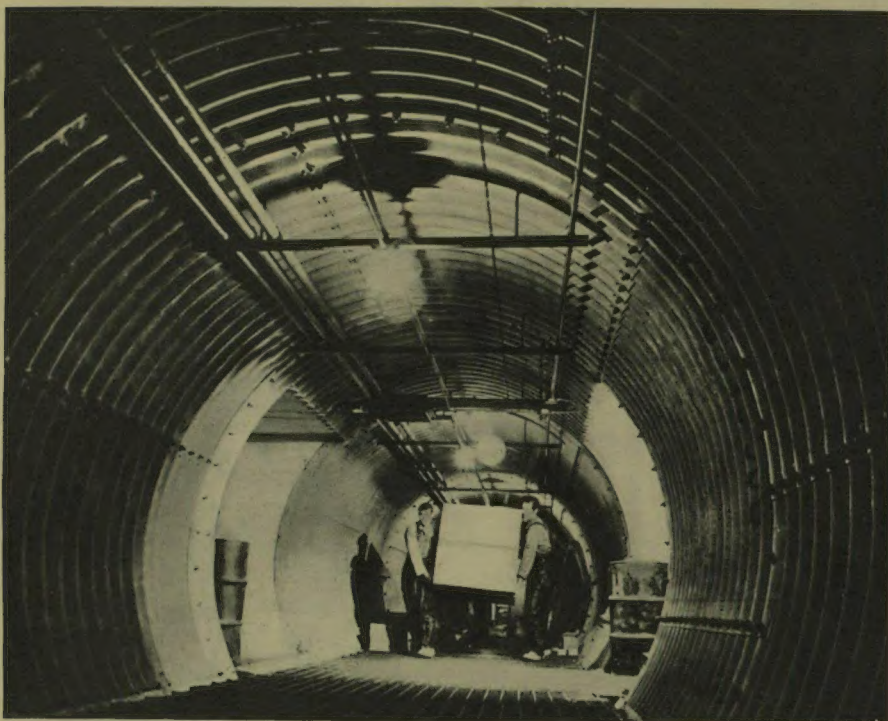


DEMONSTRATING A POWERED CIRCULAR SAW, WHICH CAN CUT AN ESCAPE HATCH IN AN AIRCRAFT IN 17 SECONDS. (LEFT) MR. J. D. PROFUMO AT LONDON AIRPORT. A powered circular saw developed by Messrs. Black and Decker in conjunction with the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation was demonstrated on December 21 to the Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. J. D. Profumo. Such saws are being provided at the most important airports.

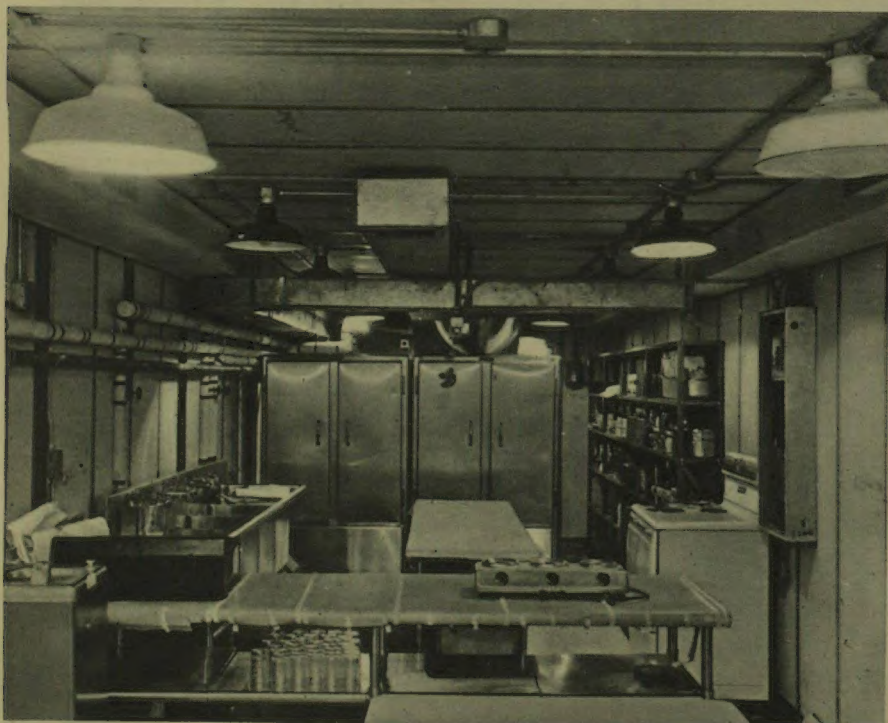
AMERICAN TUBE HOMES FOR THE ARCTIC.



NOW IN USE IN GREENLAND; THE NEW U.S. MILITARY TUBE HOMES FOR THE ARCTIC, SHOWING HOW THEY ARE SUNK IN THE SNOW AND ICE.



CARRYING SUPPLIES WHICH HAVE BEEN DROPPED BY AIR; U.S. AIR FORCE PERSONNEL PASSING ALONG ONE OF THE CORRIDORS WHICH LINK THE TUBE HOUSES.



EQUIPPED IN THE MOST MODERN MANNER; A KITCHEN IN ONE OF THE TUBE HOUSES FOR THE USE OF ARMY OR AIR FORCE PERSONNEL STATIONED IN THE ARCTIC.

An extremely ingenious type of housing construction has been devised for the United States Forces for use in polar regions. The dwellings, constructed of tubes 18 ft. in diameter and of different lengths, are sunk into the snow and ice, and ballasted to sink in further at the rate of several feet a year. They are built on a pressurised hull principle, similar to that used in the construction of submarines. The "homes" consist of sleeping quarters, recreation and mess halls, and so forth, joined by corridors, and maintained at a temperature of 72 degs. Vertical funnels are provided for ingress, and interior equipment is thoroughly up-to-date.

HEAVY LORRIES AS PLAYTHINGS OF THE WIND.

The force of the great westerly gales which swept over the country on the night of December 21 was so great that on the mountain road of "Rest and Be Thankful" hill, Argyllshire, it blew over heavy lorries as if they had been toys and hurled them, somersaulting as they went, into Glen Croe. The unfortunate driver of one vehicle was trapped and had to have his foot amputated before he could be freed from the wreckage of his lorry. Headlights of cars stationed along the road were used to light rescue operations. Some twelve lorries were blown over.



ONE VEHICLE AFTER BEING HURLED FROM THE ROADWAY AND OTHERS OVERTURNED; LORRIES ON "REST AND BE THANKFUL" HILL, ARGYLL.



LYING ON ITS SIDE, HALF OFF THE ROAD; ONE OF THE HEAVY LORRIES WHICH WERE BLOWN OVER BY THE GALES ON "REST AND BE THANKFUL" HILL.



THE RESULT OF A WIND WHICH REACHED THE VELOCITY OF 100 MILES AN HOUR; TWO OF THE HEAVY LORRIES WHICH WERE BLOWN OVER LIKE FEATHERWEIGHT TOYS.



A MILLION DOLLAR ALTERATION PLANNED FOR THE NEWLY-LAUNCHED WORLD'S LARGEST WARSHIP: A CLOSE-UP OF THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF U.S.S. FORRESTAL, WHICH IS TO BE MOVED 22 FT. OUTWARDS TO THE DOTTED LINE.

As previously reported, the 59,900-ton U.S. aircraft-carrier *Forrestal* was "launched"—by flooding the dry-dock in which she was built—on December 11 and later moved to a new berth. *Forrestal* was laid down in July 1952, and her estimated cost at completion was \$218,000,000 (about £78,000,000). It has now been announced that the bridge superstructure, on the starboard side, is being moved 22 ft. outwards, as shown in the photograph, to give an even greater area to the already huge flight deck. Before this alteration was taken into account the flight deck was 1036 ft. long and 252 ft. wide. It is an angled deck—a British naval device which gives much more action space and increases the versatility of

the vessel as a mobile airstrip; and the carrier also has four British-designed steam catapults, from which thirty-two aircraft can be launched in four minutes. *Forrestal* is to carry atom bombers as well as jet fighters and reconnaissance aircraft—in fact her aircraft alone will cost nearly as much as the carrier herself—and she will have a complement of about 3500 men. Her masts and funnel will be hinged so that she can pass under Brooklyn Bridge to enter the Navy Yard. Her estimated speed is 30 knots and her 200,000 h.p. engines, it is reported, have been so designed that they will be able to run automatically for hours should the engine-room staff be forced out of action.

A VOYAGE TO TEN SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

"TAHITI. VOYAGE THROUGH PARADISE"; By GEORGE T. EGGLESTON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS book has a title and two sub-titles. The main title, in itself, would not have attracted me. Long ago, in boyhood, it would have. The earlier voyagers, such as Captain Cook (who was killed, and eaten, in another group) had given me a picture of scattered archipelagoes, with the loveliest landscapes on earth, some of them inhabited by the fiercest of men and women, but some by the gentlest of human kind, not wishing to fight and kill, but welcoming the stranger with fruit and flowers, cocoa-milk and bread fruit, which dropped from the trees, and fish dexterously speared by seal-like swimmers in the lagoons. All these were offered to the white invaders by entrancing brown girls who would wear red hibiscus flowers over their ears, and wreath their visitors' necks with garlands of enlarged, and highly-scented, gardenias. There came later Herman Melville, the whaler, and (as I think) the greatest literary genius yet produced by the United States, who saw the beginnings of the degradation and mongrelization, but paid, in "Typee" and "Omoo," beautiful tribute to the islands and their inhabitants, particularly to the Marquesas, with their high mountains feathered with emerald trees, their silver-falling streaks of waterfall, their crystal-sparkling streams, their natural dashing, basking, dancing, dreaming inhabitants. Later there was white annexation everywhere, with its usual concomitants, but in Stevenson's day much of the past lingered. In later years we have been accustomed



WEARING A TRADING SCHOONER COMB AND AN HIBISCUS FLOWER: A BORA BORA GIRL WHO, MR. EGGLESTON SAYS, CONTRADICTS DARWIN'S STATEMENT THAT POLYNESIAN WOMEN ARE PLAIN.

Tahiti. I must add here, not unkindly, I hope, that Mr. Eggleston himself does, before he sets sail from that headquarters isle, unveil a couple of novelties. He says of Pierre Loti "Here in 1880 the classic '*Le Mariage de Loti*' was composed by the young ex-naval officer": whereas, in truth, Loti served for long after that and became a captain. Still more surprisingly he states:

"Rupert Brooke was killed in action in France in 1915." He has the year right, I admit. But Brooke wasn't killed in action, and he didn't die in France. He fell sick and died on a Greek island on his way to the Dardanelles. Mr. Eggleston, I understand, one of the editors of "The Reader's Digest": I hope his normal Digestion is better than those two examples would suggest. Once away from Tahiti he is definitely off the tourist track: and as we travel with him we share the

constant enjoyment of him and his wife. They once ran into the edge of a hurricane, in waters where many a good schooner has gone to her grave—I sometimes wonder, by the way, whether the South Sea Islands know any other rig, barring their own, than schooner's rig—but the author doesn't make a song about that. Their voyage was mostly over moonlit or starlit seas, with light winds wafting them from remoter to remoter islands, with the old blood purer and purer as they went, the lovely hospitality and beauty of limb invariable, the outside world less and less perceptible; though, in the most secluded spot, there was usually a secluded Chinaman brooding in his store.

Huahine, Raiatea and Tahaa, Bora Bora and Tubai, Maupiti, and Mopelia were the islands into whose lagoons the little ship worked its way. Last of all, Rarotonga. In that island they found an old man who "didn't like tax collectors or lepers": most of us prefer lepers. "The contrast," says Mr. Eggleston, "afforded by going from the French islands of the Tahiti group to the British colonial atmosphere of Rarotonga is as striking as one would expect if transported suddenly from a square dance in Reno to an afternoon tea at Claridge's in London. All was colonial super-efficiency and decorum on Rarotonga. The 200 whites included the official families, the storekeepers, and always three or four wealthy sheep-raising families from New Zealand, who sojourn in Rarotonga the way United States tycoons take to Maine a few months each year. We saw much tennis, bowling on the green, and cricket. The 5000 natives on the island all seemed to wear store clothes. We weren't to see a *pareu* on this Bond Street of the South Seas." Their brown host there talked about International Rugger. All to the good. But the European clothes, no! Amid all the charming

photographs that Mr. Eggleston gives us, the one which tragically stands out is of an old lady, swaddled from neck to foot in shapeless black and looking, under the influence of civilisation, like a hopeless Battersea charwoman in mourning.

Mr. Eggleston makes no attempt at fine writing; facts and a casual, colloquial style suffice him; those alone produce the enchanting effect which the laborious writers fail to achieve. Amongst the latter—the travel-agency type—Count von Luckner, commander of the German raider *See-Adler*, must surely bear the palm. Mopelia is a flat, coral-atoll with a lagoon. In such places gorgeous flowers do not grow, and the birds are sea-birds. This is the dashing description by Luckner: "Flashing birds of paradise flew from palm to palm. Gorgeous humming birds with green and yellow breasts darted among the branches. With every flower there seemed to be a great butterfly. The whole island was aglow with butterflies. They floated on wide, beating wings of green, violets and reds."

"Once, in the middle of the night, I was awakened by a small, sharp, repeated sound—knick, knick, knock. It was the opening of tropical flowers. I went outside and there I saw the lovely Queen of Night, which blossoms by the light of the tropical stars. It is a great, gorgeous bloom, eight or ten inches across. There were thousands of them. Scores of glowworms far brighter than any we know, hovered above each,



AT SEA: MRS. HAZEL EGGLESTON, THE AUTHOR'S WIFE, WHO ACTED AS ASSISTANT NAVIGATOR (IN ADDITION TO DECK-HAND AND COOK) AND NEVER MISSED A WATCH AT THE HELM. HER BLOUSE OF *Pareu* CLOTH WAS DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY LIN FUNG CHU, THE LEADING COUTURIER OF PAPEETE.

to "debunkers," laying emphasis on the motley mixture of Polynesian, white and Chinese blood, the saloons and gambling-houses, the tourists, with their cameras, the disciples of Gauguin, with their easels and their typewriters. "Tahiti" to-day, in literature, suggests either that sort of thing or travel-agency gush of the kind unfortunately suggested by Mr. Eggleston's first sub-title, "Voyage Through Paradise." But "the story of a small boat passage through the Society Islands" at last indicates something unusual in kind, and that the book is.

Mr. Eggleston and his wife engaged a small schooner and its skipper at Tahiti and spent nearly a year cruising and sojourning. They visited the nine principal islands of the Society group (named after the Royal Society), and then sailed an additional 500 miles to call at Rarotonga, in the (British) Cook Islands. The author's account of Tahiti and its neighbour, Moorea, is on familiar lines. Some day perhaps an explorer—there is still room for exploration, as the population lives entirely on the coastal fringe, and the craggy, densely-wooded interior is trackless, and the central mountain, Orohena (7300 ft.), still a virgin peak—may unveil something unknown in

* "Tahiti. Voyage Through Paradise: The story of a small boat passage through the Society Islands." By George T. Eggleston. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author. (Robert Hale; 16s.)



CALLED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANCHORAGE IN THE WORLD BY EVERY CAPTAIN WHO HAS SEEN IT, FROM CAPTAIN COOK'S DAY TO THE PRESENT TIME: PAPETOAI BAY, THE FLOODED CONE OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.



TIOTI OF MOPELIA BRINGING IN A *pom palatali* WEIGHING 100 LB. FROM THE OUTER REEF.

Illustrations from the book "Tahiti"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Robert Hale.

eager to catch the magnificent perfume that the opening of Queen of Night gives forth. In the darkness I could see the flowers only by the light of the glowworms. On every side were these eerie nocturnal lights, a dancing lamp of gathered glowworms illuminating each flower.

"In that unearthly gleaming, like a kind of moonlight only stronger, the odorous petals shone with the ghostly nuances of their naturally flaming colours, white, crimson, sapphire blue, violet blue."

Mr. and Mrs. Eggleston read all this, and a great deal more of the kind, before they reached this Wonderland which Alice never knew. Although the imaginative Count had forgotten to mention leopards, ostriches, armadillos, capercaillie, or red grouse, it was rather a lot to swallow, and they never quite swallowed it. How right they were. When they got to the tiny atoll there was one flower on it; and that had been imported in a pot of earth, and wasn't flourishing. However, as usual, the people were so delightful that it was difficult to leave them.

The book is dedicated to the author's wife. She certainly, as deck-hand, steerswoman, and cook, deserves it.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 34 of this issue.



THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, CONSTITUTED BY EDWARD III. IN 1348 : THE GARTER, STAR, COLLAR WITH PENDANT GEORGE AND BLUE VELVET MANTLE WITH EMBROIDERED BADGE OF THE GARTER ENCIRCLING THE CROSS OF ST. GEORGE.



THE MOST ANCIENT AND MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE, TRADITIONALLY INSTITUTED IN SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY, REVIVED BY JAMES II. IN 1687 : THE COLLAR AND PENDANT ST. ANDREW AND GREEN VELVET MANTLE EMBROIDERED WITH THE STAR.



THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER OF ST. PATRICK, INSTITUTED BY GEORGE III. IN 1783 : THE STAR, COLLAR WITH PENDANT BADGE AND SKY BLUE SATIN MANTLE TIED WITH A CORDON OF BLUE SILK AND GOLD.



THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH, INSTITUTED IN 1399, REVIVED IN 1725 AND LATER ENLARGED AND REVISED : THE COLLAR AND PENDANT BADGE OF THE MILITARY KNIGHTS GRAND CROSS AND MANTLE OF CRIMSON SATIN WITH EMBROIDERED STAR.

INSIGNIA OF THE GREAT ORDERS OF CHIVALRY: THE COLLARS, BADGES AND MANTLES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER, THE THISTLE, ST. PATRICK AND THE BATH.

Continued.
1930, 1936 and 1939. It consists of Knights Grand Cross, Civil and Military; Knights Commanders, Civil and Military, and Companions, Civil and Military. The motto is *Tria Juncta in Uno*. Our illustrations show part of the Ensigns and Habits of these Orders.

Collars are worn by Knights of the Garter, Thistle and St. Patrick, and Knights Grand Cross or Grand Commanders of the various Orders only on "Collar Days" and other special occasions; or when commanded by the Sovereign.

Colour photographs by A. C. K. Ware, Ltd.



(ABOVE) THE ORDER OF MERIT (CIVIL), INSTITUTED BY EDWARD VII. IN 1902: THE BADGE AND RIBBON OF GARTER BLUE AND CRIMSON. (BELOW) THE ORDER OF THE COMPANIONS OF HONOUR, INSTITUTED IN 1917, THE BADGE HANGING FROM A CARMINE RIBBON.



THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE, INSTITUTED IN 1818 AND LATER EXTENDED: THE COLLAR AND PENDANT BADGE OF A KNIGHT GRAND COMMANDER, AND MANTLE OF SAXON BLUE LINED WITH SCARLET, WITH EMBROIDERED STAR AND CORDONS.



THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER, INSTITUTED BY VICTORIA IN 1896: THE COLLAR AND PENDANT BADGE OF THE KNIGHTS AND DAMES GRAND CROSS, WITH EMBROIDERED DARK BLUE SATIN MANTLE EDGED WITH RED, WITH EMBROIDERED STAR AND CORDON OF BLUE SILK AND GOLD.



THE MOST EXCELLENT ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, INSTITUTED BY GEORGE V. IN 1917: THE COLLAR OF THE KNIGHTS AND DAMES GRAND CROSS, WITH PENDANT BADGE AND ROSE-PINK SILK MANTLE LINED WITH PEARL-GREY, WITH EMBROIDERED STAR OF THE ORDER.

INCLUDING ORDERS INSTITUTED BY VICTORIA, EDWARD VII. AND GEORGE V.: INSIGNIA OF ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD, AND OTHER ORDERS OF MODERN DATE.

The Order of St. Michael and St. George consists of 100 Knights Grand Cross, of whom the Grand Master is the first, 300 Knights Commanders and 940 Companions. The Royal Victorian Order consists of the Sovereign, a Grand Master, Knights and Dames Grand Cross and Knights and Dames Commanders, Commanders and Members. The Order of the

British Empire consists of the Sovereign, Knights and Dames Grand Cross, Knights and Dames Commanders, Commanders, Officers and Members. It has civil and military divisions. The Order of Merit consists of not more than twenty-four ordinary members of two kinds, civil and military, and, like the Order of Companions of Honour (of sixty-five members), carries no title.



FIG. 1. A DETAIL OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST PILE CARPET: THE OUTERMOST DESIGN FROM THE 2400-YEAR-OLD EXAMPLE FOUND PRESERVED IN ICE IN SIBERIA, SHOWING HORSES ALTERNATELY RIDDEN AND LED.



FIG. 2. THE CENTRAL MOTIF AND INNER BORDERS OF THE CARPET WHICH IS SHOWN ALSO IN FIG. 1. THE CENTRAL MOTIF IS A QUATREFOIL OF ASSYRIAN ORIGIN, THE BORDERS BEING OF GRIFFINS IN SMALL PLAQUES AND STAGS.



FIG. 3. FROM A VERY LARGE, EXCELLENTLY PRESERVED WALL-HANGING OF APPLIQUE FELT, ON WHICH THIS DESIGN IS SEVERAL TIMES REPEATED. THE SEATED FIGURE MAY BE ONE OF HERODOTUS'S "BALD-HEADED ARGIPPÆANS."



FIG. 4. THIS ASTONISHING FIGURE—A KIND OF MOUSTACHED SPHINX—IS ALSO OF APPLIQUE FELT AND IS PART OF THE SAME WALL-HANGING AS FIG. 3, BEING ONE OF THE SIDE MOTIFS. IN THIS AND FIG. 3, NEAR EASTERN ELEMENTS HAVE BECOME WILDLY FANTASTICATED IN THE MEDIUM OF THIS "SCYTHIAN" CULTURE, AND CALL TO MIND THE PUPPETS OF ORIENTAL SHADOW-PLAYS.

IN our issue of July 11, 1953, we reported the crowning discovery made in the tombs of Pazyryk, in the Altai Mountains of Southern Siberia. These tombs are a series of log-lined chambers, which, for some unexplained reason, had become filled with perpetual ice, with the result that the occupants, their clothes and burial furniture, and the horses which were slaughtered at the burial, had been refrigerated and perfectly preserved. In the fifth tomb or *kurgan* to be excavated by the Russian archæologist, S. I. Rudenko, a Persian carpet (6 ft. by 6½ ft.) was found in nearly perfect condition after 2400 years—beyond question the world's oldest Persian carpet. Since this report was published, more information has been received from Russia; and we are also able to reproduce in full colour a number of textiles and fabrics, for the most part fantastically and brilliantly adorned and in a wonderful state of preservation. They are dated, fairly certainly, to the fifth century B.C., and they represent detailed information on peoples of southern Siberia—perhaps an eastern

Continued overleaf.



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE MANY ANIMAL MOTIFS FOUND IN THE PAZYRYK TOMBS, PRESERVED IN ICE. THIS, WHICH SHOWS AN ELK, IS APPLIQUE WORK IN FELT AND IS MORE NATURALISTIC THAN IS USUAL AT PAZYRYK.



FIG. 6. ANOTHER ANIMAL MOTIF IN APPLIQUE FELT WORK, SHOWING A WINGED LION-BULL LEAPING ON AN ANTELOPE. THIS MOTIF HAS PERSISTED INTO MODERN ORIENTAL CARPETS AND OTHER FABRICS.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST PERSIAN CARPET, AND 2400-YEAR-OLD FABRICS OF FANTASTIC DESIGN.

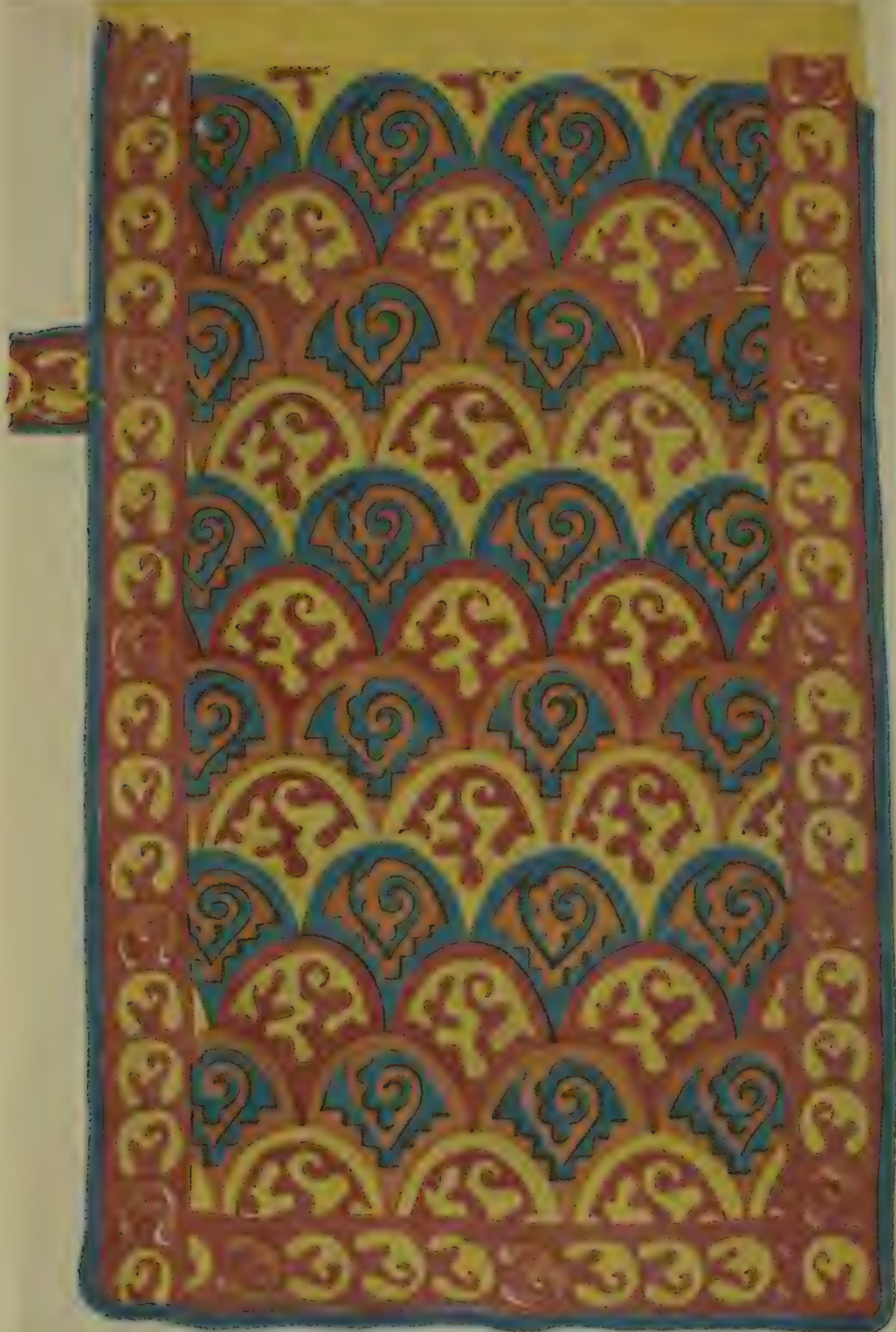


FIG. 7. A GAY AND PERFECTLY-PRESERVED SADDLE-CLOTH OF APPLIQUE FELT, PRESERVED IN THE ICE FOR 2400 YEARS. THE SCALE-LIKE DESIGN CARRIES MOTIFS BASED ON STAGS' ANTLERS. SEVERAL SUCH CLOTHS WERE DISCOVERED.



FIG. 8 (ABOVE). A PRINCE'S CAP OF FELT WITH A PAINTED LEATHER COVER AND TURRET-LIKE CROWN; AND (BELOW) A WOMAN'S FELT SOCK WITH APPLIQUE FELT DESIGNS.



FIG. 9. ONE OF A PAIR OF SWAN-LIKE BIRDS (SEE FIG. 10): DECORATIONS IN FELT APPLIQUE TO A FELT COVER FOR A CHARIOT PLATFORM, FOUND IN SITU IN TOMB V.

Continued.

extension of the Scythians—of whom very little is known. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. R. D. Barnett, Deputy Keeper in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum, and Mr. W. Watson, Assistant Keeper in the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum, continue their report on and discussion of the significance of these remarkable discoveries. The occupants of the tombs were of differing physical types, Mongol and Near Eastern; and the objects found with them are likewise mixed—Persian, Chinese and local. The two details of the Persian carpet (Figs. 1 and 2) cover the entire design, since the quatrefoil at the top right of Fig. 2 is the element repeated throughout the central block, which in its turn is surrounded by borders of sphinxes and stags (Fig. 2), more quatrefoils, horses and horsemen and finally griffins (Fig. 1). Of the fabrics of local manufacture the most striking is the felt tomb-hanging, of which cryptic elements are shown in Figs. 3 and 4.



FIG. 10. THIS TETHERED SWAN, WITH THAT OF FIG. 9, FROM A FELT CHARIOT COVER, REPRESENTS A CHINESE INFLUENCE MAKING ITSELF FELT AMONG THE LOCAL CRAFTSMEN OF THE ALTAI MOUNTAINS.

A SIBERIAN PRINCE'S TRAPPINGS OF THE 5TH CENTURY B.C., PRESERVED IN PERPETUAL ICE.

At the beginning of last year a friend said to me across a club table at luncheon that he had found interest in a summary of my topics of the year 1953 and hoped that I would write one for 1954. I must point out that it will not and could not be a survey of all the most important subjects in the public mind. Home affairs are generally rather out of my province. Then I travelled a good deal, to Scandinavia, Switzerland, Greece, France, and Ireland, so that in some cases I had to hand in advance articles which did not deal with events of the moment. However, though this summary does not represent anything like all the prominent topics, it does represent a number of serious subjects which were under consideration during the year. The inquest is rather less repellent than that of 1953, though it has a full share of unpleasantness. Had I dealt more with home affairs, such as the state of the country and its finances, the story would have been happier.

In January I wrote of the death of Lord Norwich, better known as Duff Cooper, a man whose charm and originality had helped to enrich his times. On February 6 I discussed a flare-up over French and Spanish relations in Morocco, when the Spaniards in their zone refused to recognise the action of the French in deposing the Sultan and organised a great public meeting to protest against it. This fire died down quickly, and it is to be hoped that no more will be heard of the affair. On February 27 the subject was Indo-China. There matters were going from bad to worse and I had in my own mind begun to write off French prospects. France was then very much in the picture, and in an unhappy predicament. For March 13, the subject was E.D.C., an article which I did not read for some little time, for on that date I was at Stavanger. For March 20, the day on which I visited the repository of the Swedish military archives in Stockholm, I wrote on decisions before France. It was by then clear that the French Government was seeking a settlement in Indo-China. Scandinavian experiences were embodied in two articles on "The Northern Flank," the first written while travelling, the second on return. If any were successful, it was these, the strategic situation being interesting and little known here.

The next topic, for May 1, was the product of a visit to Geneva, begun four days after my return from Copenhagen. The subject was the hydrogen bomb. I had gone to Geneva to attend a conference assembled by the International Committee of the Red Cross to discuss "protection, in time of war, of civilian populations and victims of war in general against the danger of bombardments and the use of blind weapons." This meeting aroused much curiosity in the Press—not, in fact, gratified, because the meeting was private and only a formal statement of the subject was issued—on account of the recent trial explosion in the Pacific and its effect on Japanese fishermen. I am revealing no secrets if I say we made heavy weather. At least we ended fairly clear in our minds about the obstacles to improvement.

Then back to deal with heavy weather elsewhere, while a very much bigger conference, which achieved more or less what it had been called to do, was sitting in Geneva. For May 8 it was the coming fall of Dien Bien Phu, which had become inevitable because the French had clearly no adequate relief force available. That tragedy moved to its close, more slowly than had seemed likely. We did not then realise the full depth of the tragedy. The place appeared to our eyes wreathed in heroism. This was indeed displayed, but side by side with distressing weakness. So I found myself tackling, for May 29, the subject of the future of Indo-China and the reactions of British democracy to events in the Far East. The future of Indo-China, half a year later, may be settled more or less in theory, but in practice remains undecided. The war is over and most of those who desire to leave the regions which have passed into Communist hands have gone. Yet this is still one of the world's danger spots.

As usual, a few book reviews appear in the list. I shall mention one only, and it because the book was so closely connected with the moment and its events. It was "Strategy for the West," by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor. It was apposite because it preached the doctrine embodied in the term "the New Look," which had been announced forthrightly in the United States and more cautiously in our own country. Though I disagreed strongly with some

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

TOPICS OF 1954.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

of the arguments, feeling in particular that the Slessor strategy disregarded the need of the people to eat, however they carried on a war, I was struck by its clarity and forcefulness. I also considered that the sketch of an atomic-bomb air fleet as a deterrent to war might represent a truth, however unlikely this might seem on the face of it. But—we had talked at Geneva of the protection of the civilian population from blind weapons. Here was the blindest as well as the most terrible of all weapons—and one of which the victims would inevitably be, in the vast majority, civilians—in the position of the first, perhaps only, weapon of civilisation. A sad prospect.

These reflections were in my mind when I wrote, for July 24, on the International Committee of the Red Cross and the celebration of the ninetieth anniversary of the Geneva Convention: *Inter Arma Caritas*. The missiles of those days might go astray, yet very few civilians can have been killed in the Franco-

disappointed by what seemed to me the unimaginative and illiberal policy of the British Government about Cyprus. I disliked the abruptly applied blanket of "military necessity" on hopes of reunion with Greece within any period which could be foreseen. Nor was I by any means assured that the arguments used were sound. Writing in the country and occasionally stopping to remonstrate with

a pair of two-year-old twin grandsons, very bellicose young persons, I discussed for September 11 the prospects of "Little Europe" after the French rejection of E.D.C. They look better now than they did at the time. The next week I dealt with a celebrated Far Eastern tour and its chief notabilities, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan, rather lightheartedly, and was chidden by an anonymous reader for being facetious.

Back to the E.D.C. question, I prepared for October 2 a study of the "European Jigsaw Puzzle." A considerable number of the pieces have since been fitted into their places, largely thanks to the efforts of Sir Anthony Eden, but I was right in prophesying that it would be some time before the picture—I mean, of course, only the provisional picture on which he worked—was complete. The title of the article of October 9, "Aikichi Kuboyama, Fisherman," may appear too dramatic, yet this man was, as the caption over a photograph pointed out, "the World's first hydrogen-bomb victim." I recalled that, at the Red Cross conference already referred to, I had sat throughout beside a Japanese representative, a medical professor who had advised on the fisherman's treatment. The news of the death of Aikichi Kuboyama brought back to me our discussions and all the talk about "the New Look." I was justified, I believe, in writing that this man was a symbolic figure, though, except in his own country, he has probably passed into the obscurity from which he had emerged.

The subject on October 16 was not the most important of the year, but it was one of the happiest. At last, after nine years, one of the sores of Europe had been healed. The Trieste question had been settled. Once again the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had played an invaluable part. Few Foreign Ministers in recent times have had a better year than 1954 has been for Sir Anthony Eden. Asia has certainly been, as shrewd observers prophesied it would be, a source of more serious trouble than Europe. Whereas I could deal on October 23 with such a relatively satisfactory result as that of the French debate on relations with Germany, on the following week the subject was the Far East, with special reference to Formosa. Then, on November 13 and 20, I commented on Field Marshal Lord Montgomery's remarkable lecture on the trend of modern warfare. The welcome it received from the air marshals led me, in the second article, to examine the needs of the Navy and the danger of public opinion deciding that its rôle was over.

December 4 found a ready-made subject in "Threats to the Rule of Law," exemplified by the seizure of the Onassis whaling fleet and the raid into New Guinea by an armed Indonesian band. I took the line that, though these affairs were trifling by comparison with some of the others which have concerned us recently, they have their own danger, because they undermine one of the best barriers against chaos. I argued that the perpetrators of such actions are taking advantage of the confusion which has followed the Second World War, and that they would not have dared do

what they have done if the great Powers had been united and determined to allow no trifling of this kind. December 11 was devoted to the examination of evidence attributed to the American General Van Fleet, that Britain was a weak ally because she "encouraged" Communism. I disagreed.

Despite the French débâcle in Indo-China, 1954 was a better year than 1953. Anyhow, on the principle that it is news if you beat your wife and not if you treat her well, in dealing with international events the crises naturally come first. The hopeful aspect of 1954 is the extent to which they were surmounted. There is no difficulty in prophesying that 1955 will bring its share of them, but there prophecy must end. This country faces the coming year with better prospects than it faced the last, sounder and more prosperous. For myself, I hardly hope to have experiences as interesting or to see as much of the world as in 1954.

A RECENT BEQUEST TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



"CATHERINE FRANÇOISE (FANNY) MOREAU"; BY MOREAU LE JEUNE (1741-1814)

This charming portrait in coloured chalks of a child was bequeathed to the British Museum by Lady D'Abernon; and is on view in the Exhibition of "Aspects of Eighteenth-Century Art" in the Prints and Drawings Department of the Museum—a display which is further illustrated on another page. The child represented was the daughter of the artist. Moreau le Jeune was a pupil of le Lorrain, the sculptor, who took him to Russia; and, on his return to Paris, of Le Bas. By 1770 Moreau le Jeune had so many commissions that he abandoned engraving and thenceforth confined himself to drawing. At that time he became designer for the *Menus Plaisirs*. His illustrations to the "Monument de Costume" are a valuable record of the manners and fashions of the last years of the ancien régime.

By courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

Austrian War of 1859, which was then under consideration and from which the lessons were derived. The major problem then was the protection and succour of wounded of the armed forces. The achievement of the Geneva Convention was splendid, but it cannot be denied that the difficulties to be overcome were infinitely less formidable than now. A red cross on a white ground would protect a building. Nothing can protect an individual building or its inmates from an atomic bomb. Then hopes were backed by an element of certainty. The Red Cross was advancing, and for some time it continued to advance. Now there is no favourable certainty and no hope except in the avoidance of war. And the Red Cross is no longer advancing but maintaining a *dour* defensive battle.

I was in Greece and visiting Mycenae, Argos, and Epidaurus on the day that article appeared, and on my return wrote two about my impressions, for August 14 and 28. Having been a loyal and even unquestioning Tory all my life, I felt grieved and

STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHS FROM AN INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION WHICH CONVEY EXCITEMENT, TRANQUILLITY AND COMEDY.



WILL HE REACH THE OTHER SIDE? A MAGNIFICENT ACTION PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD RICHARDSON OF NEW YORK, SHOWING THE RIPPING REFLECTIONS OF SKYSCRAPERS IN THE BACKGROUND.



(ABOVE.) "HOT JAZZ," YORK, WHICH VIVIDLY ATMOSPHERE, HAZY SMOKE, OF A NIGHT-OF MUSICIANS PLAYING A "JAM-SESSION."



BY HIGH BELL, NEW CONVEYS THE TENOR WITH CIGARETTE CLUB, WITH A GROUP AT FEVER PITCH IN SESSION."



"HERE . . . IT'S ICY COLD!" THE VIGOROUS MOVEMENT OF THIS POLAR BEAR SHAKING OFF WATER IS WELL CAPTURED BY TADAMICHI TSUBOI, A JAPANESE PHOTOGRAPHER FROM KADAWA.



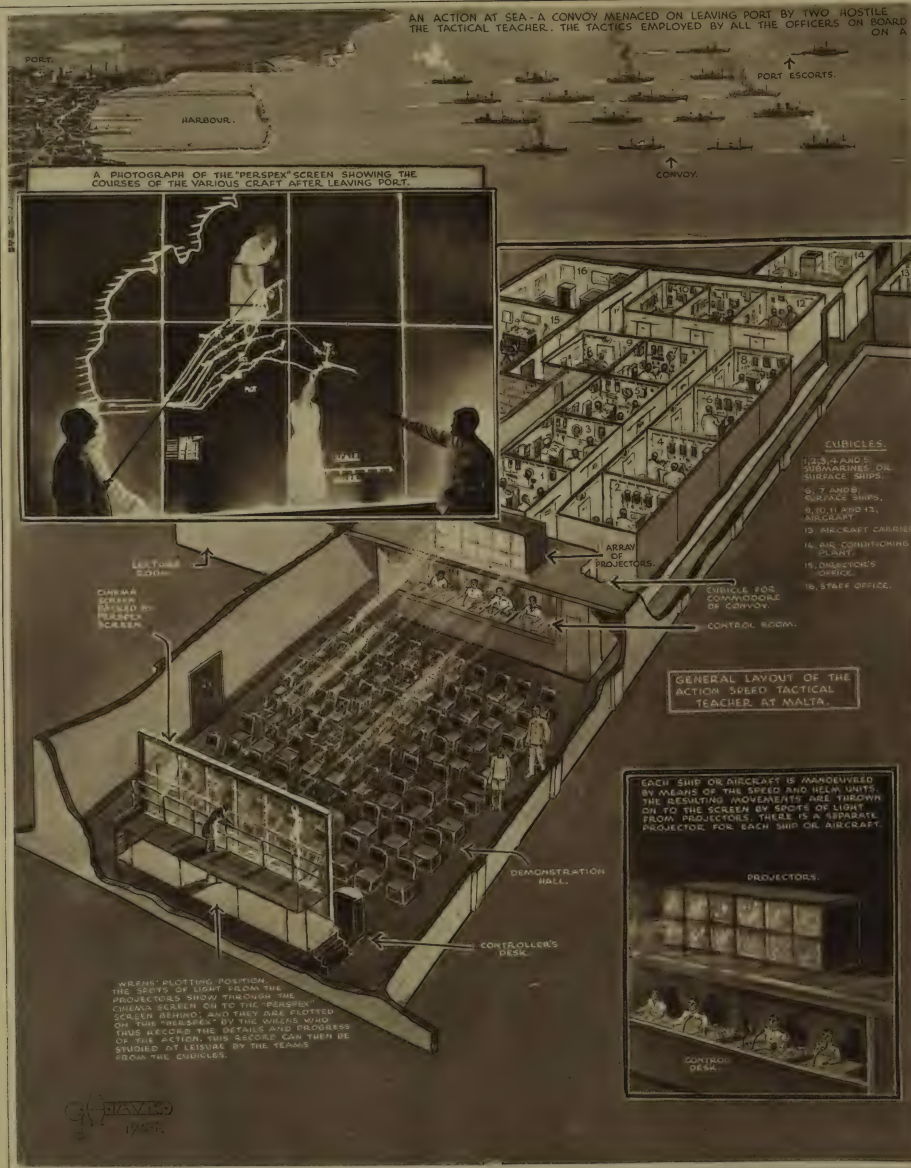
THE camera's ability to do more than "stop" or "catch" an event on film is not very often demonstrated. To suggest time or motion in a still photograph requires the technique of an expert, or good luck—or sometimes both. The photographs which we reproduce on these pages were entered in a recent international competition sponsored by "Photography Magazine," and they convey moment and motion, aspect and action, to a remarkable degree. The photographs of the boy leaping across the water and the group of jazz musicians—both, in their own way, convey a tremendous sense of

(LEFT.) "I THINK I CAN GET BY ON TIPTOE WITHOUT WAKING THEM." A PIGEON WADDLING PAST TWO HIPPODAMI SLEEPING PEACEFULLY IN THEIR ZOO. A LUCKY BUT ANGRY PHOTOGRAPH BY MILES FOSTER, AN ARTIST FROM NEW YORK CITY.

action and suspense: that of the polar bear shaking the water off his back gives a feeling of motion; the lucky shot of the two sleeping hippos with the pigeon waddling by is highly amusing; and moment and movement are well caught in the photograph of the freckle-nose girl, with her flaxen hair blowing in the wind, bending over the drinking-fountain and quenching her thirst with the flowing water. These photographs, all of which were prize-winners in the contest, are some of those which were selected from the many submitted by amateur and professional photographers all over the world.

(RIGHT.) "'DRINK, PRETTY CREATURE, DRINK.'" THE FLOWING WATER AND THE WIND-TOSSED, FLAXEN HAIR OF THE FRECKLE-NOSE GIRL AT THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN BRING MOVEMENT TO THIS CLEVER SHOT BY ROBERT S. PAUL, OF NEW YORK.





FIGHTING A NAVAL BATTLE WITHOUT PUTTING TO SEA: THE ACTION SPEED TACTICAL TEACHER AT

The navies of all N.A.T.O. nations of the Allied Command, Mediterranean, have, during the past year, derived great benefit from the training they have undergone at the Action Speed Tactical Teacher installed in Malta, at a cost of about £200,000, at the end of 1953. This Teacher has been designed to provide facilities for realistic, synthetic exercises at action speed in both surface and air tactics associated mainly with convoy escort and defence against submarines and surface raiders, including anti-submarine attack up to the point where individual ship or aircraft attack develops. In addition, surface torpedo tactics can be taught and developed,

and, by altering the scales and type of control, realistic anti-submarine actions can be carried out. N.A.T.O. squadrons, ships and aircraft can be trained to co-operate and differences of language and procedure can be found out and discussed immediately, instead of having to await the return to harbour after an exercise at sea; and valuable experience can be gained with very little expenditure of time and material. The Teacher allows for up to fourteen teams to "play" in any one scheme. These teams are in separate cubicles, which represent the Operations Rooms of ships and the cockpits of aircraft. Five of the cubicles are fitted so that they

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE

submarines. This engagement may be worked out in exact detail on the escorts, ships in convoy, aircraft and submarines are duly shown on a screen.

ESCORT WITH SENIOR OFFICER.

SENIOR OFFICER DETACHES STARRBOARD ESCORTS TO ATTACK HOSTILE SUBMARINE.

AIRCRAFT JUST DETECTED NO 1 SUBMARINE.

HOSTILE SUBMARINE NO 2 AWAY TO PORT HAS NOT YET BEEN DETECTED.

DISTANCES BETWEEN ALL THE CRAFT HAVE BEEN DIAGRAMMATICALLY RESTRICTED IN THIS ILLUSTRATION.

IN EACH CUBICLE THERE IS AN APPROPRIATE OPERATIONS ROOM TEAM OF OFFICERS AND MEN WHO CARRY OUT THEIR DUTIES AS IF THEY WERE IN A SHIP AT SEA. THE CAPTAIN IS TAKING ACTION AS IF ENGAGED AGAINST A REAL ENEMY.

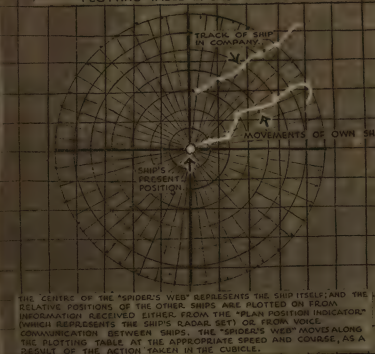
IN THE CONTROL ROOM, THE PROGRESS OF THE EXERCISE IS CAREFULLY WATCHED AND THE ACTIONS TAKEN BY THE PARTICIPANTS DULY NOTED, TO TAKE THE PLACE OF NORMAL DETECTING DEVICES, THE CONTROLLER, FROM TIME TO TIME ADVISES THOSE CONCERNED OF INFORMATION WHICH THEIR INSTRUMENTS WOULD NORMALLY GIVE THEM IN A REAL ACTION.

COMMUNICATIONS (BOARD) SECOND ESCORTS (FOR SUBMARINE CONTROLLER) CONTROLLER (C) AIR CONTROLLER.

AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE EXERCISE THE CUBICLE CREWS TAKE THEIR PLACES IN THE DEMONSTRATION HALL, AND THERE THE CONTROLLER ANALYSES THE ACTIONS TAKEN IN THE COURSE OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

HELM, SPEED AND COURSE SIGNALS ARE SHOWN TO THOSE UNDERGOING INSTRUCTION BY MEANS OF AN INDICATOR WHICH TAKES INTO CONSIDERATION TURNING CIRCLES AND PROGRESSIVE RISE IN SPEED OF ANY PARTICULAR CLASS OF SHIP.

A VIEW FROM ABOVE OF A SECTION OF THE PLOTTING TABLE IN EACH CUBICLE.



MALTA, USED IN THE TRAINING OF THE NAVIES OF ALL THE MEDITERRANEAN NATIONS OF N.A.T.O.

can be either surface ships or submarines, and these have torpedo-firing gear: three are fitted as plain surface ships; one as an aircraft-carrier; four as aircraft; and one as the Commander of a convoy. Each ship and aircraft is manoeuvred by means of a speed and helm unit which represents the steering-wheel and engine of the ship or aircraft. The movements of the ship are transferred to a plotting table and those of the aircraft to a Ground Position Indicator; and both sets of movements are transmitted electrically to light projectors which throw spots of light on to a cinema screen. These spots of light correspond to the positions of

the ships and aircraft on the plotting-table, enabling the spectators to follow the course of an action. The spots of light show through the cinema screen on to a "Perspex" screen where they are plotted, so that the action can be analysed. Every cubicle has a radar display known as a Plan Position Indicator, and this display gives a picture of all the forces taking part and a convoy of twelve ships. To "play" an action, units are placed in realistic positions and are then free to manoeuvre as they wish. Their signals are noted and by comparing their actions with their signals a narrative is compiled by the controllers.

OFFICIAL CO-OPERATION OF H.Q. ALLIED FORCES, MEDITERRANEAN.



(1) TWO BUCK (FROM A ROCK PAINTING): REDDISH-BROWN; 1D. (2) THE RHINO HUNT (FROM A ROCK PAINTING): PLUM; 3D. (3) ELEPHANT AND GIRAFFE (FROM A ROCK PAINTING): OLIVE; 4D. (4) "THE WHITE LADY" (FROM A ROCK PAINTING): SEPIA; 2D.

(5) A YOUNG UKUANJAMA WOMAN: VIOLET; 1S. 6D. (6) A GEMSBOK: ROYAL BLUE, 5S. (7) A MATURE UKUANJAMA WOMAN: MAGENTA; 1S. (8) A LIONESSE: YELLOW-BROWN; 2S. 6D. (9) THE UKUANJAMA HORNBLOWER: BOTTLE GREEN; 6D. (10) KARAKUL LAMB: INDIGO; 4½D.

LIFE IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA—HUMAN AND ANIMAL, ANCIENT AND MODERN: PORTRAYED IN A NEW ISSUE OF STAMPS.

We reproduce above ten of a new series of twelve postage stamps issued by the Department of Post and Telegraphs of South-West Africa. The actual size of each stamp is 24.2 by 30.225 mm. (about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. by $1\frac{1}{8}$ ins.); and the two not illustrated are the 1s. 3d. cerise, showing a Ukuanjama woman in a spotted head-dress, and the 10s. black-green, showing an African elephant. The most interesting from a subject point of view are the four lowest values, the designs of which, by Mr. Otto Schroeder, are based on rock paintings. The two buck and the "White Lady" are based on the celebrated paintings of the Brandberg, near Windhoek, which may date back as far as 1500 B.C. The rhino hunt comes from Nautzerus,

west of Rehoboth, and the elephant and giraffe from Philip's Cave at Ameib, Usakos. In the original the elephant's back is 2 ft. long. The Karakul stamp (4½d.) refers to the country's Karakul pelt industry, which was first established by the German Government in 1909. Now over 2,500,000 pelts are exported annually. The native studies (6d., 1s., 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d.) which, like the Karakul and the wild animals, are by Mr. Mark Vandeneschen, are all of women of the Ukuanjama tribe of the Ovambo nation in South-West Africa. The blowing of a kudu horn is part of the ceremonies marking the "coming of age" of a Ukuanjama girl. These tall Herero women have a very picturesque and elaborate style of dress.

A JAPANESE NEW YEAR TEST OF STAMINA: THE SAIDAIJI CEREMONY.



OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF KWANNON, SAIDAIJI, BEFORE THE CEREMONY OF THE "BATTLE" FOR THE LUCKY OR SACRED BÂTONS: YOUNG MEN LINING-UP BEFORE THE CROWDS OF SPECTATORS.



CLAD IN LOIN CLOTHS ONLY: YOUNG JAPANESE ON THEIR WAY TO THE TEMPLE OF KWANNON, SAIDAIJI, BEFORE THE STRENUOUS STRUGGLE IN THE DARK FOR THE LUCK-BRINGING BÂTONS OR SHINGI.



THE CEREMONY OF RECOGNITION: THE YOUTHS WHO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE BÂTONS SELL THEM AS LUCK-BRINGERS, BUT BEFORE THE DEAL IS COMPLETED THE CHIEF PRIEST MUST RECOGNISE THEM.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we illustrate the strange New Year ceremony at the Kwannon Temple, Saidaiji, known as the *Eyô Matsuri*, at which stout-hearted young men file into the temple grounds on the Lunar New Year, in February, uttering peculiar cries, and pray to Kwannon. A struggle for a pair of sacred bâtons, known as *shingi*, follows in the darkened temple. On this page we show the preliminaries and give a picture of one of the *shingi*.



IN ITS CAMPHOR-FILLED STAND: ONE OF THE BÂTONS COMPETED FOR.



A JAPANESE NEW YEAR SCENE RECALLING A MEDIAEVAL PAINTING OF HELL, OR AN ILLUSTRATION TO DANTE'S "INFERNO": THE MÊLÉE FOR THE BÂTONS AT SAIDAIJI—REVEALED BY FLASHLIGHT.

Elsewhere in this issue we give photographs illustrating aspects of a remarkable Japanese New Year ceremony at the temple of Kwannon, Saidaiji. This picture of the same event shows youths leaping down to join the press already on the

floor of the temple, just as the bâtons, or *shingi*, which each man will try to locate and seize, have been thrown down by the chief priest. The struggle takes place in the dark and the bâtons are located by the smell of the camphor with which

they are impregnated. The scene, which was taken by flashlight bulb, suggests a medieval painting of a Doom, an illustration of the "Inferno," or one of the celebrated Rubens illustrations of the damned falling into deepest hell; and it is

obvious that the participants in the ceremony must all be young, athletic and in the pink of condition, for the mêlée is exceedingly fierce. In country districts the New Year is celebrated according to the lunar calendar, in February.



LET all good gardeners rejoice—and all bad ones, too—and the exasperated and frustrated ones, for here, in a single noble volume, "*Album de Redouté*," is the essence of Redouté. At the same time, let the lazy, armchair gardeners be warned, for the book is the size of one of the original folios, and it will be necessary to sit up at a table in order to enjoy it. There are twenty-five facsimile colour plates, mainly from "*Les Roses*" and "*Les Liliacées*," an introduction by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, at once erudite and richly imaginative, and a life of the artist by Roger Madol, together with a complete bibliography by Mr. Madol, assisted by William T. Stearn. The production, both type and colour work, is superb; the edition is limited to 250 numbered and 2000 unnumbered copies, and it is necessarily expensive. This is likely to scare many

that he managed to weave his way through the events of the 1790's, the Napoleonic era, the return of the Bourbons, and the accession of Louis Philippe without complete disaster. Both as botanist and painter he was the least politically minded of men, as indeed were dozens of others of much greater scientific renown. He served Marie-Antoinette, and I note that Mr. Madol accepts without reserve the story that he was allowed to visit the King and the Royal family in prison in the Temple in order to make a drawing of a cactus which flowered only for a few brief moments at midnight. How I would like to believe this!—as it is, I have the uneasy feeling that we have here just the romantic legend that could so easily be put about in later years to explain his unparalleled reputation as "The Raphael of Flowers."

Later, he painted flowers for the Empress Joséphine, whose garden at Malmaison contained nearly all the roses then known to horticulturists (Napoleon had bought the place for her in 1798, when she was plain Madame Bonaparte). Napoleon, when Emperor, was in the habit of presenting paintings by him to heads of States. He lived in

magnificent style—a flat in the Rue de Seine, a house at Fleury, with half the pretty women and all the fashionables of Paris taking painting lessons from him. He must have been one of the last to see Joséphine before her death; on May 27, 1814, he paid her a visit, when she advised him not to come near because of her terrible sore throat. Forty-eight hours later she was dead. He had already given lessons to Joséphine's successor, Marie-Louise, and, after the fall of Napoleon, was no less in demand by the Bourbon Court, where his patroness was the Duchess de Berry, niece of Marie-Antoinette and wife of the son of Charles X.

The accession of Louis Philippe in 1830 made little difference, for Queen Amélie and her daughters were also his pupils but, says Mr. Madol, "It was another revolution that affected him: lithography had triumphed over the copper plate. The master of fine colour-engraving could see that the more modern medium would never do justice to his flowers. Lithography was like a mill-stone round his neck. Yet even though weighed down by this new fashion—as by old age [he was born in 1759]—he valiantly continued to work, and lent his flowers to the heavier-handed craft of the stone." But, like Sir Thomas Lawrence and many other successful painters, he had been extravagant when the sun shone, and his last years were difficult; just before his death in 1840, at the

age of eighty-one, he had been compelled to sell his paintings, much of his fine furniture and his table silver. He came from Luxemburg, from Saint-Hubert, near Bastogne, in the Ardennes, and joined his elder brother, who was also a painter in Paris, in time to know the last ten years of the monarchy. The well-known botanist, L'Héritier, had come to London in 1786 in a great hurry, bringing with him a collection of botanical specimens gathered in South America by the naturalist Joseph Dombey. Dombey had been forced to sign an agreement under the terms of which the collection could be claimed by the Spanish Government. He gave them to L'Héritier for study, and the latter, fearing they might be claimed from him at any moment, brought them secretly to London. The following year he persuaded Redouté to join him, with the result that the painter was able to add to his experience by visiting Kew Gardens and also by learning a great deal about mezzotint and stipple engraving; after the Revolution the Convention confiscated the *Jardin du Roi* and made it part of the Museum of Natural History. Both Pierre-Joseph

Redouté and his brother became draughtsmen to the Museum. To paint flowers in such a way as to satisfy both the scientist and the lover of painting is no mean achievement; the former is interested only in facts, the latter demands other and more subtle qualities.

And now, by an odd chance, just as I had reached this point, the postman brought a parcel containing a second book, "*Pierre-Joseph Redouté: Roses*," devoted to this most lovable and simple-minded painter—less ambitious, less magnificent, less erudite, better adapted to slender purses, but with colour plates which, to my eye, at any rate, are equal to those in the larger volume. Each book—the one printed in Holland, the other in Germany—is a joy to see and handle and I imagine that both the publishers and the craftsmen concerned had the greatest possible fun in producing them; and how old Redouté and the botanists of his time would have welcomed the offset process had they known it, with its remarkable capacity, in of course skilled hands, for making not just an imitation but a facsimile of a coloured picture! The plates in this last volume—twenty-four of them—are a selection from "*Les Roses*"—the roses of the early nineteenth century, none of



IRIS PALLIDA, FIRST PUBLISHED IN "*LES LILIACÉES*": AN IRIS BY REDOUTÉ "AS DÜRER MIGHT HAVE DRAWN IT."

Sacheverell Sitwell writes of *Iris pallida*: "This is an iris probably of Levantine origin. Mr. Dykes . . . spent a month in Dalmatia vainly looking for one form of it. This iris is as Dürer might have drawn it. There is instant pleasure in the texture and contours of this lily-tower, for it is the shape of the lily-towers of Florence, of the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio which seems to have been based upon an iris, and in this *I. pallida* of Redouté you can almost smell the orris-root of Florence."

readers of this page; let them, however, whether they are interested in flowers or in fine printing, at least go and see the book in their nearest public library, and, if it is not available, have it sent for.

The first volume of "*Les Roses*" appeared in 1817, the second in 1821, the third in 1824; 168 plates. "*Les Liliacées*" (503 plates) came out in eight volumes between 1802 and 1816. There are, of course, other books illustrated by the same gifted hand, all of them listed in the bibliography; many people will perhaps remember with pleasure an exhibition of the work of this uncommonly sympathetic artist at the Marlborough Gallery in 1949. Wars and revolutions are severe handicaps to painters and it says much, both for the fundamental good sense of the French and for the fixity of purpose of Redouté,

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "*Album de Redouté*, with 25 Facsimile Colour Plates, from the edition of 1824, and a new Redouté Bibliography," by Sacheverell Sitwell and Roger Madol (Collins: £10 10s.), and "*Pierre-Joseph Redouté: Roses*," selected and introduced by Eve Mannering, 24 Colour Plates (Ariel Press: 25s.).



LILIUM MARTAGON, ONE OF REDOUTÉ'S LILIES FIRST PUBLISHED IN "*LES LILIACÉES*."

"We have also in this Album his [Redouté's] portraits of the American species *Lilium canadense* (figured as *L. penduliflorum*) and *L. superbum* and the European *L. Martagon* to suggest how wonderful would have been paintings by him of the yellow *L. Szovitsianum* from the Caucasus and the Himalayan species *L. nepalense* of subtle pea-pod green . . .", to quote from Sacheverell Sitwell's account of Redouté.

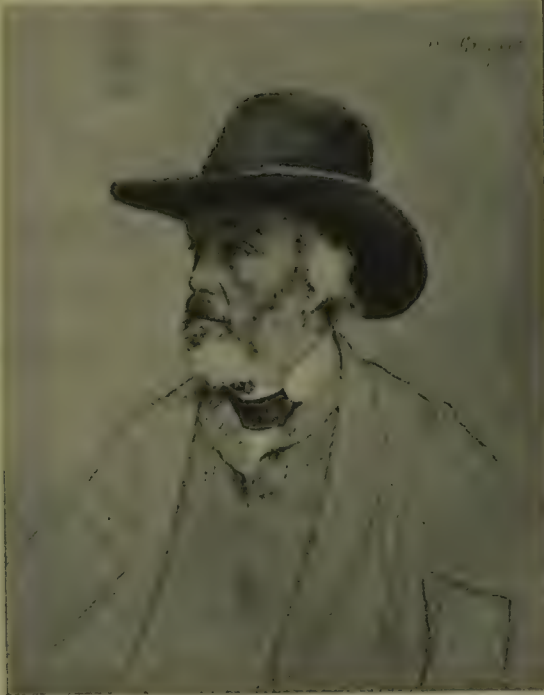
Illustrations by courtesy of the publishers of "*Album de Redouté*," reviewed on this page.

which, I take it, exist in this form to-day. But a little ancestor worship is no bad thing in a gardener. So, I suppose, will browse over these two books and pat themselves on the back for the progress made in the past 150 years. But I wish I could get a *Rosa sulfurea* exactly as Redouté depicted it or the *Rosa Eglanteria Luteola*, in spite of "its disagreeable odour, but less foul than that of *Punica*." (The descriptions are printed in the original French.) Also, going back to "*Les Liliacées*," I would much like to own an original gladiolus, a lovely modest flower wonderfully remote from its monstrous flaunting descendants. There's another thing, too, which occurs to me as a result of reading these two books; when I can next transport myself to Paris I must make a point of visiting Malmaison. The house is filled with memories of great and sad events, of triumph and disaster. Its furnishings are much as they were when Joséphine was alive, and I've no great admiration for the style. I shall walk in the garden, nicely trimmed in the best French manner, and my mind's eye will see the old-fashioned roses as they existed before 1814; and that vision I shall owe to Pierre-Joseph Redouté.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: RECENT ACQUISITIONS.



"JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART" (1794-1854), BIOGRAPHER AND SON-IN-LAW OF SIR WALTER SCOTT; BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A. (1810-1878).



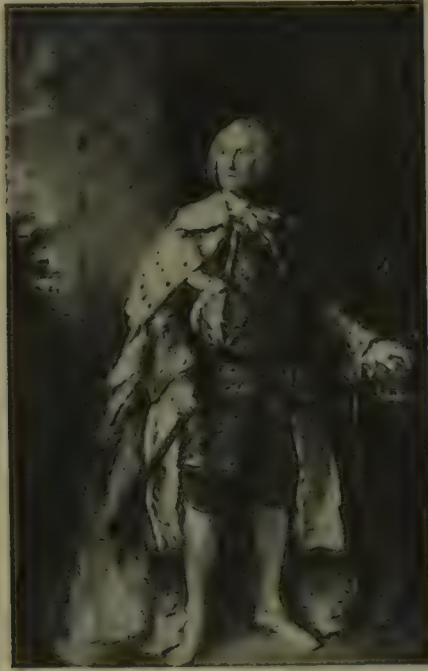
"THOMAS CARLYLE" (1795-1881), HISTORIAN AND AUTHOR OF "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION," AND "SARTOR RESARTUS"; BY WALTER GREAVES. (Wash and pencil.)



"LORD PRESIDENT CHARLES HOPE OF GRANTON" (1763-1851), LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION; BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A. (1756-1823). (On indefinite loan.)



"JAMES KEIR HARDIE" (1856-1915), BRITISH LABOUR LEADER, A MAN OF STRONG PERSONALITY AND HONESTY; BY H. J. DOBSON, PAINTED IN 1893.



"JOHN CAMPBELL, 4TH DUKE OF ARGYLL" (1693-1770), SOLDIER AND STATESMAN; BY T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788).



"DAVID SCOTT, R.S.A.," HISTORICAL PAINTER (1806-1849), SON OF THE ENGRAVER, ROBERT SCOTT; BY ROBERT SCOTT LAUDER, R.S.A.



"ALEXANDER TYTLER, LORD WOODHOUSELEE" (1747-1813), HISTORIAN, JUDGE AND AUTHOR; BY ARCHIBALD SKIRVING (1749-1819). (Pastel. On indefinite loan.)



"SIR ROBERT HENDERSON, COLONEL OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE OF THE ARMY OF GUSTAVUS-ADOLPHUS IN HOLLAND"; BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.



"GEORGE GORDON, 6TH LORD BYRON" (1788-1824), THE CELEBRATED POET; BY WILLIAM EDWARD WEST. PAINTED AT PISA IN 1822.

On this page we reproduce a selection of the portraits of celebrated Scotsmen which have been acquired by the Scottish National Portrait Gallery during the last four years, including two, those of Alexander Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee and Lord President Charles Hope of Granton, which are on indefinite loan to the Gallery. Lord President Charles Hope of Granton, who was Lord President of the Court of Session, was famous as an outstandingly fine orator. John Campbell, fourth Duke of Argyll, was a representative peer for Scotland, 1761-70, and a general in the Army. He was M.P. for Bute, 1713-15, for Elgin, 1715-22, and for Dumbarton, 1727-61. James Keir

Hardie was one of the outstanding figures in the early days of the Labour movement. Originally a Liberal, with some friends he started in 1887 a paper called *The Miner*, afterwards *The Labour Leader*, the first Socialist paper in the west of Scotland. In 1892 he was elected Member for South West Ham, but lost the seat in 1895 and became Member for Merthyr in 1900. He was largely responsible for the founding of the Scottish Labour Party in 1888 and of the I.L.P. in 1893. Lord Byron, the famous poet, was English on his father's side, but as his mother was born a Gordon of Gight, he qualifies for a place in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

By courtesy of the National Galleries of Scotland.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HUSH-HUSH.

By J. C. TREWIN.

BEFORE going to the Savoy Theatre I took from the shelf a set of volumes, bound with needless expense—at the time they were worth to me a cargo of topazes, cinnamon, and gold moidores—that contained a run of 200 programmes. They were from my first years of provincial playgoing in the middle 1920's. The usual names recur: Shaw, Barrie, Milne, Galsworthy, Pinero, and a piece called "A Pair of Silk Stockings"—by the late Cyril Harcourt—that

With The Open Window, and the acts were christened, in an old tradition, "A Singular Felony," "The Terror by Day and the Terror by Night," and "There are More Things in Heaven and Earth."

So forward, shuddering, to "The Lonely House," "The Speckled Band" (a veteran, this, with its snake on the bell-rope), "In the Next Room," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "The Eye of Siva" (with a Secret Service Agent, an American Orientalist, an Indian Butler, a Chinese Servant, a Modern Girl, a Handy Man, and a Norfolk Manor House). I need not go on, except to remind you how the ghost train, in Arnold Ridley's play of that title, used to swoop through Fal Vale station. By the time this is in print, the old piece will have returned to the West End as a musical comedy called "Happy Holiday."

In the shivering 'twenties we grew used to anything the deep-freeze dramatists could try on us. They were crowded hours. Most writers were on the panel: plays were incomplete without a wall that slid and gaped. Screams, hysterics, hands that clawed round a door, masked figures—we got to know them all, and to know their theatres that, when we entered, seemed to be as full of red herrings as any curing shed. Later still came the period when Wallace chartered a new stage a week, and ingenuity in Sinister Street could go no further. Quite suddenly, blood ceased to flow; the corpse picked itself up from the library rug; the police force ceased to populate two programmes in three; the "thriller" faded; and, after our years as experts in the finer shades of eeny-meeny-miney-mo, we had to say, with O. Henry's Gentle Grafter: "Pardners, . . . what has happened? This morning there was hectic gaiety afoot; and now it seems more like one of them ruined cities of Tyre and Siphon where the lone lizard crawls on the walls of the main portcullis." We heard an occasional scream; but it was plain that,

having used their nerves with bliss and teen
And tired upon a thousand schemes their wit,

the thriller-men had gone in to recuperate.

Slowly, during the last decade, they have come back. Our brows have been creased again; the old flavour of red herrings has returned; and it has become clear—as it had long been clear to her readers—that Mrs. Agatha Christie is the First Puzzler of her day. She has risen in the West End skies—if I can quote a Fleet Street man's glad cry on another matter—like "the sun bouncing above the horizon, a red-hot cricket-ball, a boundary-stroke from the bat of Night." (That passage, happily, was slain at birth, on a sub-editor's spike.)

Mrs. Christie, in the world of the "thriller," is a Hutton or Bradman. When she is batting we can only haunt a boundary in the hope that some fierce

drive may stick in our out-thrust hands.

One day, in fact, we may guess something.

At present "The Mousetrap" has been running for two years at the Ambassadors; "Witness for the Prosecution" has had fourteen months at the Winter Garden; and we are faced now by "Spider's Web" at the Savoy. I came back from it mumbling the "Cat and the Canary" line from so long ago: "Pray don't tell them how it ends."



"IS IT GOOD CHRISTIE? DOES THE PUZZLE HOLD?": "SPIDER'S WEB" (SAVOY), A SCENE FROM AGATHA CHRISTIE'S NEW PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) CLARISSA HAILSHAM-BROWN (MARGARET LOCKWOOD); JEREMY WARRENDER (MYLES EASON) HUGO BIRCH (HAROLD SCOTT; SEATED) AND SIR ROWLAND DELAHAYE (FELIX AYLMER). IT IS A WET AFTERNOON AND HUGO AND SIR ROWLAND HAVE BEEN WHILING AWAY THE TIME BY TASTING AND PRONOUNCING ON PORT.

turned up as regularly as Midsummer Day or Michaelmas. What strikes me now is the number of "thrillers" (the dire word is inescapable) that a schoolboy playgoer managed to collect.

Here, for example, is "the world's greatest thriller," John Willard's "The Cat and the Canary," which ran to the jingle of a distich:

If you like this play, please tell your friends,
But pray don't tell them how it ends.

(I obeyed.) The cast included an old West Indian Negress and a Keeper at the Asylum; and the action took place, round about midnight, in the library and an adjoining room of Glenclyff Manor, on the Hudson. I remember the will-reading (after all, one usually attends these occasions at midnight), the shrieks, the green lights, the panels, the phosphorescence. "Fine, confused feeding"; but how would it go to-day? I am not sure; and I am equally uncertain of "The Lure," described as "the play with a thrill." All I think of now is the performance of a brisk young actor, cast as a villain, who clapped his hand to his breast and snarled at the heroine: "I have locked the key and put the door in my waistcoat-pocket."

Probably "The Claimant" does not come under the "thriller" heading: this drama—with an alert first act and some feeble developments—was suggested, so I presumed, by the Tichborne case. "The Bat," by Mary Roberts Rinchart and Avery Hopwood, labelled "the world's greatest mystery play," is certainly from the correct belfry. There was, I recall, a sliding panel, not to speak of an Unknown Man; and author and management urged us, in block capitals, Not To Divulge The Solution Of The Mystery. They felt, I suppose, that otherwise we should have gone out into the night crying the identity of The Bat above the sound of the tram-cars that screeched here round a peculiarly dangerous bend. Not long after "The Bat," I caught "The Beetle," a version of Richard Marsh's shocker. I can remember only some gossip about scarabs, and a character called Nemo; but the play began—usefully—in the House

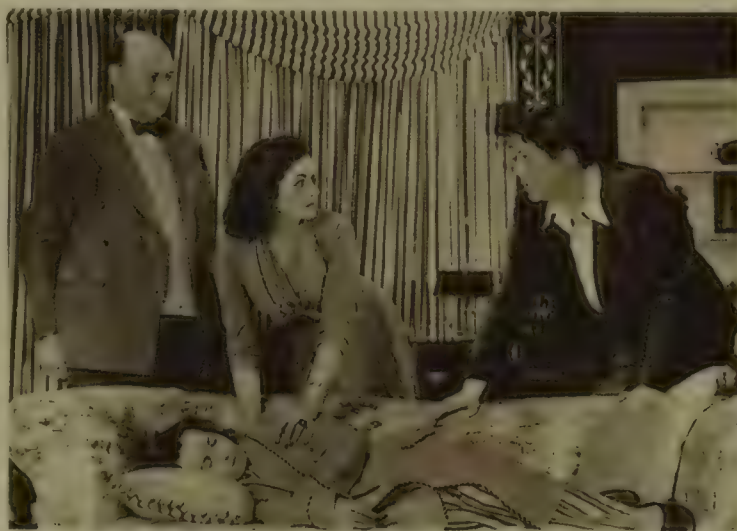


"I CANNOT DO MORE THAN INDICATE THE EASE AND CHARM WITH WHICH KAY HAMMOND AND JOHN CLEMENTS ACT PARTS THEY COULD MANAGE ON THEIR HEADS": "THE LITTLE GLASS CLOCK" (ALDWYCH), SHOWING A SCENE FROM HUGH MILLS' COMEDY, WITH KAY HAMMOND AS THE COMTESSE DE MONTFORT AND JOHN CLEMENTS AS THE COMTE DE MONTFORT. MR. TREWIN DISCUSSED THIS PLAY IN OUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 18.

I will not. At least I can say how it begins, whisper to you that there is a secret panel, and that Mrs. Christie has (most properly) furnished a Kent manor-house with a body behind the sofa. During the entire evening we are shuffling the names of possible criminals. What more can I say without carelessly dropping a hint and a brick? No one has ever to tread more delicately than a writer a few hours after a Christie first-night. It must resemble a fakir's trick of fire-walking.

There are eleven people in the cast, under the dome of a remarkable drawing-room. I may be allowed to say that Margaret Lockwood spends the night in devising new explanations of the crime—for the benefit, or otherwise, of the police. The woman is madly inventive. Whenever Louise, in "Tons of Money," cried "I have an idea," her husband used to groan; and most of the cast groan when Margaret Lockwood's Clarissa is in full hurtle. I am quite sure that some of my colleagues will say that the comedy and the drama do not mix, and that (in the Ibsen phrase) "people don't do such things" when there is a body behind the sofa. I reply that in a Christie play we should be ready for almost anything. This piece has the complexities we look for in a ripe crime novel. In the theatre we merely ask: "Is it good Christie? Does the puzzle hold?" And I answer simply: "Not so good as 'Witness for the Prosecution'; better than 'The Mousetrap.' Personally, I did not guess."

We are in the company, among others, of Felix Aylmer (mellow), Harold Scott (waffling), Margaret Barton (as accurately schoolgirlish as ever), Campbell Singer (police-inspector), and Judith Furse (hearty). At the première I allowed myself to be enmeshed. My eyes grew misty in sentimental recollection of "thrillers" past, and my joy was complete when a friend said to me during the interval: "Do you remember 'The Cat and the Canary'?" Instinctively, I glanced over my shoulder. Hush! Pray don't tell them how it ends.



"DURING THE ENTIRE EVENING WE ARE SHUFFLING THE NAMES OF POSSIBLE CRIMINALS": "SPIDER'S WEB," SHOWING A SCENE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF COPPLESTONE COURT, IN KENT, WITH (L. TO R.) SIR ROWLAND DELAHAYE (FELIX AYLMER), CLARISSA (MARGARET LOCKWOOD), MILDRED PEAKE (JUDITH FURSE) AND PIPPA HAILSHAM-BROWN (MARGARET BARTON; LYING ON THE SOFA).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"NEVER GET OUT" (Arts).—Jack Rodney and Hilary Liddell made a good deal of Giles Cooper's awkward two-character play: a drama about a pair of deserters—one from the Army, one from life—in an appropriately deserted village. It had moments of genuine tenderness. But why must dramatists write duets and trios when we are pining as a rule, after thirty minutes, for some other voice, some other strand of plot? (December 7-12.) "SPIDER'S WEB" (Savoy).—"It would be very convenient for holding a dead body, wouldn't it?" Thus the schoolgirl as she manipulates the sliding panel. The play is by Agatha Christie, so I need not tell you that, in due course, there was a body behind the panel, and the night passed in an accepted, and agreeable, form of guessing-game. Margaret Lockwood heads the cast; and Mrs. Christie has given the right kind of Christmas and New Year gift to her addicts. (December 14.) "JOKERS WILD" (Victoria Palace).—I will return later to the new Crazy Gang revue. (December 16.)

"1984": THE TELEVISION PLAY WHICH AROUSED WIDESPREAD CONTROVERSY.



IN THE PROLES' SECTION: WINSTON SMITH (PETER CUSHING) BUYS BEER FOR AN OLD COCKNEY SO AS TO HEAR HIM TALK ABOUT THE PRE-REVOLUTION DAYS.



IN EVERY STREET AND PUBLIC SQUARE, IN EVERY ROOM OF EVERY HOUSE: "BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU"—THE TELESCREEN WHICH CAN TALK, LISTEN AND WATCH.



IN FRONT OF THE MACHINE WHICH TURNS OUT PORNOGRAPHIC LITERATURE: JULIA DIXON (YVONNE MITCHELL) STANDS TO ATTENTION; ON THE LEFT IS THE SUPERVISOR.



BERATING HER MOTHER: THE PARSONS' GIRL, WHOSE IMMATURE VICIOUSNESS RULES THE HOME, BEWILDERS WINSTON SMITH (LEFT), WHO HAS CALLED TO UNBLOCK THE KITCHEN SINK.



POSING AS A MEMBER OF THE SECRET BROTHERHOOD: O'BRIEN (ANDRÉ MORELL), WHO IS REALLY A FANATICAL MEMBER OF THE INNER PARTY, RECEIVES WINSTON AND JULIA.



AFTER BEING TORTURED UNTIL HE REALLY BELIEVES THAT TWO PLUS TWO MAKE FIVE: WINSTON SMITH IS CARRIED AWAY BY LEATHER-COATED GUARDS.



MEETING AS GHOSTS MIGHT MEET: JULIA AND WINSTON, TWO "REFORMED" CITIZENS, WHOSE LOVE AND SPIRIT HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY BROKEN BY TORTURE.

Seldom has a radio or television feature given rise to such widespread controversy as that provoked throughout Britain by the B.B.C. television production on Sunday, December 12 (repeated on December 16), of a play based on the late George Orwell's book, "Nineteen-Eighty-Four." A section of the public and certain M.P.s were loud in their condemnation and complaints about the "horror content," despite the fact that warnings were twice put out by the B.B.C. before the start of the play. Many other people thought that the B.B.C. did a courageous service in broadcasting this thought-provoking play, which shows the destruction

of the human spirit under totalitarianism. On this page we reproduce some scenes from "Nineteen-Eighty-Four" which presents the world as it may be in thirty years' time if totalitarianism should prevail. Orwell's unheroic hero, Winston Smith (played by Peter Cushing), works in the Ministry of Truth and his mind rebels against the life he is compelled to lead. A clandestine love affair with Julia (Yvonne Mitchell) brings some light into his life, but they are trapped by the Thought Police and arrested. They are tortured until their spirit is broken, and in the final scene meet as ghosts might meet, and go their separate ways.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE question of whether a plant is a weed or not a weed is largely, or perhaps wholly, a matter of geography. In illustration of this, I am reminded of a small incident which

happened in the French Alps many years ago.

I was plant-collecting with Reginald Farrer, and late one afternoon, after a great day among alpine plant rarities, we met near our hotel a man armed with a bag and a short, stubby kitchen knife. I stopped for a moment to pass the time of day with this fellow-plant-collector, and he turned out to be the hotel chef. With the one enquiring word "Salades?" he peeped into my collecting-bag only to find roots of *Primula pedemontana*, *Saxifraga retusa*, *Campanula allionii*, and such-like local weeds. And in his own bag? With conscious pride he showed me a splendid harvest of "pissenlit," a great salad delicacy, of course, in France, but in England that detested weed dandelion. That evening at dinner we enjoyed a salad in which "pissenlit" took a leading part. Delicious. And its slight bitterness gave the illusion that it was doing one a power of good. But served in an average English hotel, dressed in the average English hotel manner—horrible thought!

A year or two ago I thought I would try the experiment of blanching dandelions, *in situ* in the garden, for salads. On a piece of neglected ground grew quantities of enormously hearty, vigorous dandelions, with roots like bell-ropes. Selecting a dozen of the finest specimens, I trimmed away their leaves, and placed an inverted 6-in. flower pot over each, with a flat stone on the hole to exclude every scrap of light. At the end of a fortnight I decided that results should be showing. They were. A crop of creamy-white blanching dandelion leaves had reached a height of 4 or 5 ins. They came up through a thick mulch of immense slugs, who seemed greatly to appreciate the cool, dark shelter which I had provided for them. Oddly enough the blanched dandelion leaves did not seem to have been eaten to any great extent, but they were drenched in a revolting deluge of slug slime. Another bright idea gone wrong. A better way would have been to dig up a number of the dandelion roots and force and blanch them under cover as one blanches chicory. Or a still better way would be to raise a batch of the cultivated dandelion which has extra large succulent leaves, and force the roots of these.

By far the most devilish weed that ever tried to bedevil my life was a yellow crucifer which cropped up at my nursery at Stevenage. It came originally on the roots of plants which I imported from some Dutch nursery. It grew about a foot high, with finely-divided leaves and sprays of small, mustard-yellow flowers. Its roots ran through the soil like a network of spaghetti, every smallest scrap of which was capable of growing and spreading with great rapidity to form fresh colonies of the plague. I never found out the name of this plant. In the nursery it was known as "yellow cress," and we never entirely got rid of it. Digging it out was hopeless. That merely broke up the running roots into innumerable small pieces, and so propagated the brute, for no amount of hand-picking could ever remove all

WEEDS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

the fragments. Moreover, the roots found their way into all sorts of inaccessible retreats—among the roots of trees and shrubs, or in the crevices in the footings of walls and frames, from which fresh growth would sally forth directly danger had passed. The only hope of clearing the nursery completely would have been by a systematic five- or six-year plan, devoting a definite section of the ground each year to the job. Clearing it of plants, and killing out the yellow cress on that section with sodium

chlorate, and so, section by section, till all was clear. After our experience with yellow cress at Stevenage, my son and I now examine all plants coming to his nursery and to my garden, with scrupulous care, and if we have the slightest suspicion that they may be carrying roots of the yellow peril they go into special quarantine until we are dead certain that all is well.

"If you want to begin with something that is quite foolproof, you cannot do better than invest in a few roots of *Petasites fragrans*, which has the pretty English name of Winter Heliotrope." That was Beverley Nichols in "Down the Garden Path." Fool-proof indeed! Of all pernicious weeds, *Petasites fragrans*, despite its "pretty English name," is one of the most dangerous. With a root system which plunges about underground like the drains and sewers of a big city, it produces a jungle of great leaves, somewhere between coltsfoot and rhubarb. In early spring it has stumpy brushes of flowers, smelling not unlike heliotrope, and in colour not unlike Dr. Jaeger's underwear. A neighbour has just taken a garden which must, I think, have belonged originally to a disciple of Beverley Nichols. She is in despair. The ground is infested with *Petasites fragrans*. As far as I can see, her only hope of ever having any other plant lies in a systematic course of weed-killer; sodium chlorate. Despite its ever-rising price this chemical still seems to me to be the most efficient weed-killer we have, though of course it is not in any way selective or discriminating. It kills every sort of vegetation with which it comes in contact, but at the same time it is harmless to animals.

What a blessing it is to be able to water one's paths in spring with a solution of sodium chlorate and know that they will be free of weeds for the next twelve months. Nor is it necessary to soak the ground with it in order to get it to the roots of the weeds. Watered on to the leaves it seems to get into a plant's whole system. In certain cases this is a great advantage, especially with isolated weeds growing near valuable garden plants. In such a case the solution may be painted or sponged on to the leaves of the offending plant.

A year, or two, or three ago I wrote about growing celery on a bed of green cut nettles. Someone had told me what a good plan it was, and that year I tried it—or rather my gardener did at my suggestion. He cut green stinging nettles—of which I have exceptionally fine beds—and laid them about 6 or 9 ins. thick at the bottom of the celery trench. Over this he put a layer of soil in which to plant the young celery plants, and after that, normal earthing-up routine was followed. That year, 1952, the celery was excellent.

Last year, for some reason or other, no nettles were used, and the celery crop was a miserable disappointment. Fifty per cent. was useless, except for the compost heap.

This year we grew on the nettle system again, and the crop is as good as I have ever had—as good, even, as in the years at my Stevenage nursery, when I arranged that my foreman should grow two rows of celery, side by side, one for himself and one for me. That, I claim, was co-partnership at its most cunning.



"IN EARLY SPRING IT HAS STUMPY BRUSHES OF FLOWERS, SMELLING NOT UNLIKE HELIOTROPE, AND IN COLOUR NOT UNLIKE DR. JAEGER'S UNDERWEAR": THE WINTER HELIOTROPE. "OF ALL PERNICIOUS WEEDS, *PETASITES FRAGRANS* . . . IS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS."

This plate, reproduced from J. T. B. Syme's 1866 edition of Sowerby's English Botany, may serve as an awful warning to the incautious gardener since it well shows the form of the flower-head, the "great leaves somewhere between coltsfoot and rhubarb," and the "root system which plunges about underground like the drains and sewers of a big city." In general appearance it closely resembles butterbur, to which it is nearly related; and, although usually only a weed of gardens (being a native of the west Mediterranean region), it is now naturalised in scattered places throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

A resolution worth making on January 1 is to celebrate the birthdays or special anniversaries of friends or relations here or abroad with the gift of a subscription to "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." For twelve months the recipient will be reminded of your kindness, and grateful for the introduction to the world's oldest—and best—illustrated newspaper.

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"ASPECTS OF 18TH-CENTURY ART", A BRITISH MUSEUM EXHIBITION.



"GREENWICH HILL"; BY HUBERT-FRANÇOIS GRAVELOT (1699-1773), A DELICATE AND ENCHANTING TOPOGRAPHICAL DRAWING IN THE EXHIBITION IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



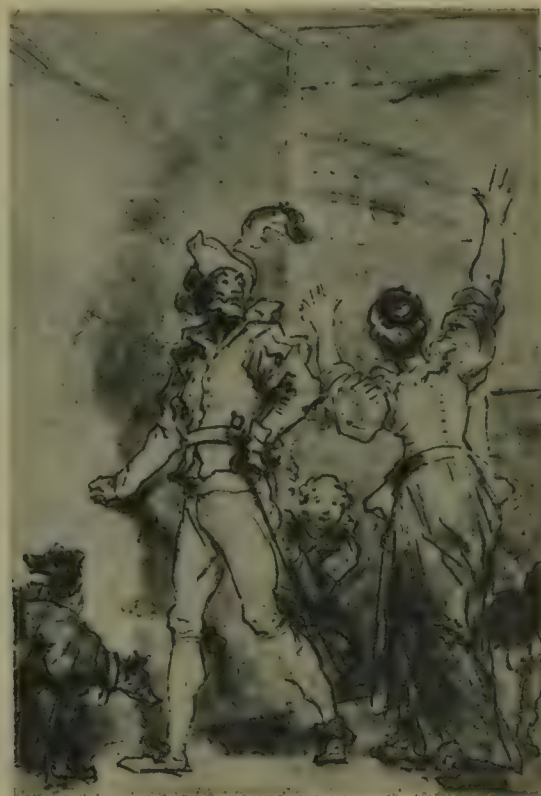
"HANBURY HALL, WITH MEN PLAYING BOWLS"; BY SIR JAMES THORNHILL (1676-1734) THE GREAT ENGLISH DECORATIVE PAINTER; SERGEANT PAINTER TO QUEEN ANNE.



"WORSHIPPING AT AN ITINERANT SHRINE"; BY MARCO RICCI (1676-1727), WHO TWICE VISITED LONDON, ONCE WITH HIS UNCLE, SEBASTIANO RICCI.



"MRS. ROBINSON" ("PERDITA"), THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS AND FAVOURITE OF KING GEORGE IV.; BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810).



"AN ILLUSTRATION TO 'DON QUIXOTE'"; BY JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1806), THE FAVOURITE PAINTER OF MME. DU BARRY.



"PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX AND FAMILY"; BY GIOVANNI ANTONIO PELLEGRINI (1675-1741), THE SITTER WAS THE TRANSLATOR OF RABELAIS AND CERVANTES.



"TWO LADIES AND CHILDREN"; BY SIR BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A. (1738-1820), THE AMERICAN-BORN PAINTER WHO SETTLED IN ENGLAND.

A well-selected and admirably arranged exhibition of "Aspects of Eighteenth-Century Art" has just opened in the Prints and Drawings Department of the British Museum. It has, for some time, been the policy of this department to hold exhibitions which form fields for additional study of the period of art to which current Royal Academy exhibitions are devoted; but these are by no means simply pendants to the Burlington House displays. The present exhibition, which should on no account be missed, is hung in three bays of the newly-decorated rooms of the Prints and Drawings Department. The first bay is mainly dedicated to French and Venetian masters. The main wall is occupied by a selection from the Museum's unrivalled collection of Watteau drawings; and the screens to the right are used to show drawings by G. B. Tiepolo and other Venetians, and by William Hogarth, who, with other of his contemporaries, was undoubtedly influenced by the various Venetian decorative painters who came to England

early in the eighteenth century. A selection of drawings designed to show Watteau's influence on his successors in France and England, and sketches of portrait heads by various artists; as well as Venetian landscapes are also included. Another section is devoted to "Picturesque Travel," under which heading are shown drawings and prints by artists whose chief interest lay in depicting romantic landscapes and antiquities on the Continent, such as J. R. Cozens, Francis Towne, William Pars, and others. A selection of French line engravings and English mezzotints is also to be seen, as well as a group of works by English draughtsmen, notably Gainsborough, which point out the parallel movements in English and Dutch water-colours. The drawing of Mrs. Robinson is an attractive sketch of the beautiful actress whose performance as "Perdita" at Drury Lane captivated George IV., when Prince of Wales, in 1780. Peter Anthony Motteux, playwright and translator, made racy English versions of Rabelais and Cervantes.

By courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST CARPET, AND OTHER FABRICS PRESERVED IN PERPETUAL ICE FOR 2400 YEARS IN THE HEART OF SIBERIA—DISCUSSED AND ILLUSTRATED IN FULL COLOUR.

By R. D. BARNETT, F.S.A., Deputy Keeper in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum, and W. WATSON, Assistant Keeper in the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum.

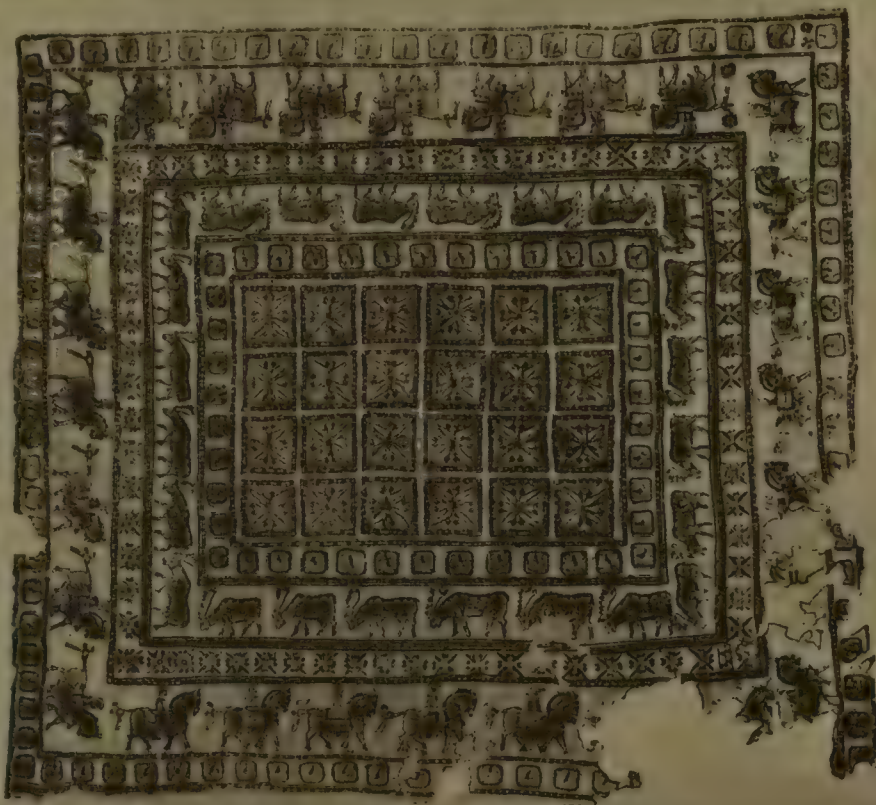
IN the issue of July 11, 1953, we described from a provisional publication the extraordinary discoveries of the Russian archaeologist, S. I. Rudenko, in the fifth burial mound at Pazyryk, in the Altai Mountains, in Central Asia. There material including chariots and horses with their saddlery, textiles, felt coverings and wooden furniture were all found preserved in ice, in addition to the bodies of the buried persons. A new and richly-illustrated publication of the material from all the Pazyryk mounds hitherto excavated, with many reproductions in colour, has now reached this country (S. I. Rudenko, *Kul'tura Naseleniya Gorno-Altaya v Shifskoe Vremya*, Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., 1953; 298.). This work enables us better to reconstruct the material circumstances of the chieftains' lives, to judge from the finds in the graves something of how they once looked and dressed, and to say a little more about their arts and crafts.

The men, it seems, normally wore high-pointed caps of felt, with flaps covering the ears and the nape of the neck, just like the Scythians from the distant Black Sea area, or those represented on the sculptures of the Persian palace at Persepolis. One man, evidently a prince, wears a felt cap with a thin leather painted covering and two long flaps falling over the ears; and on the top a small turret-like crown (Fig. 8; upper). They wore short coats of ultra-fine felt, closed right side over left and tied with tufts of thread; one was of fur worn inside out. Some wore a long-tailed coat without a collar, something like that still worn in recent years by the shaman-priests of some Tungusic tribes in eastern Siberia. One such coat was of sable covered with dark olive silk. No trousers were found in the graves. Of the women, one from Mound V. wore a circular wooden head-dress through which passed two plaits of hair. Another had a head-dress like a judge's wig, made of horse hide, retaining the hair and decorated with a geometric pattern in leather and a crest of cocks in silhouette. Women's coats were shorter than men's, with narrow sleeves of squirrel skin turned inside out and elaborately decorated with leather appliqué motifs of cocks' combs. A stomacher from Mound II., made of sable, squirrel and otter fur, was decorated with a wave pattern in appliqué leather arranged around goats' heads carved in leather and covered with gold foil. A child's stomacher from Mound VII. was of cloth with appliqué leather, gold antelopes' heads and gilt bronze buttons. Socks were of felt, with a separate felt sole and an upper border turned down and decorated with coloured felt appliqué patterns (Fig. 8; lower). Women's shoes were of soft leather, ornamented with patterns of beads and with crystals of pyrites arranged in two diamond-shaped frames on the soles.

Whereas fur and leather were the materials preferred for clothing, felt and textiles were preferred for horse-cloths and wall-hangings. Two gaily-coloured horse-cloths of felt appliqué (one shown in Fig. 7), illustrate the local taste in scale-patterns and in whirligigs derived from a pattern of stags' antlers. The felt was almost as compact as the best modern felt, and the appliqué was sewn on with woollen thread made from the finest down of the local fleeces. Felt appliqué strips were used as wall-hangings of the tombs (these imitate log cabins), and in several cases closely copy Persian and Assyrian patterns and textiles. The extraordinary felt hanging with the repeated scene of the horseman and deity (or judge?), a section of which is illustrated in colour (Fig. 3), is in a class by itself. We suggested in our earlier article that the seated figure might represent a tribe whom the Greek historian Herodotus called the bald-headed Argippæans, saying that they lived under trees, acted as judges and offered asylum to fugitives. Both these naturalistic scenes and the fantastic sphinx from the same hanging (Fig. 4) seem influenced by ancient Near Eastern art. Yet their style, exotic and fanciful, is more like that of puppets from some ancestor of the Turkish shadow-play than anything else. Whether

they can be classed as Scythian art or are the work of some hitherto unknown group, remains to be decided.

As for textiles, good examples of local workmanship consist of woollen *kilim*-type weavings from Mound II. One apparently imported item, however, is the decorated carpet, the significance of which was pointed out in the earlier article, this being the earliest surviving pile carpet known. Detail pictures of part of it (Figs. 1 and 2) are now shown in its original gentle colours: red, pale blue, greenish yellow and orange. This piece undoubtedly takes pride of place among the remarkable finds of Pazyryk. As was said before, it is of sheared pile and was made on a loom, with a selvedge at the bottom. It contains 36 knots per square centimetre, totalling some 1,250,000 knots in all, and representing, the excavator has computed, one-and-a-half year's work for one



PRESERVED IN PERPETUAL ICE IN A TOMB IN THE ALTAI MOUNTAINS OF SIBERIA AND RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN EXCELLENT CONDITION: THE 2400-YEAR-OLD PERSIAN CARPET OF PAZYRYK (6 FT. BY 6 1/4 FT.).

In our Colour Supplement of this issue, we reproduce two details (Figs. 1 and 2) of this amazing carpet, which in effect cover all the elements of the pattern and so enable the entire carpet to be reconstructed in the mind. In their article on this page Mr. Barnett and Mr. Watson describe its construction in some detail and discuss the probable locality of its origin.

person. Can we go further in speculating on its origin? The knots of the pile are of the two-warp kind, and are separated by triple floating wefts. The late Mr. Lewis Edwards (*cf.* "The Legacy of Persia," p. 233) believed that this knot, as found in mediæval and recent carpets, represents the Turkish tradition of carpet-weaving as distinct from the Persian. If this is true, it might be argued that the employment of the Turkish or Ghiordes knot in the Pazyryk carpet might indicate that it was made in the Altai, the homeland of the Turks. But even so, the Achaemenid horsemen depicted on it can only have been copied from a Persian carpet. Is it perhaps equally possible that the two-warp knot was also known to, and used by, the ancient Persians? Whether local or imported, the Pazyryk carpet is impressive evidence of contact between the Altai and the Near East. It may not be out of place to add that in the second mound at Bashadar, near Pazyryk, part of another long-piled, plain carpet was found, made with a quite different and perhaps local knot, taking in three warp-threads.

Another import of a different sort is Chinese silk, which was found in the third and fifth Pazyryk kurgans, and in two other Altai kurgans besides. With one exception, the material is undyed, in simple cloth weave of untwisted silk thread. The finest specimen, used as a horse-cloth in Pazyryk V., measures about 43 cms. (about 1 ft. 5 ins.) in width and has 40 warp threads and 52 weft threads to the centimetre. The exception, the only coloured weave of silk, came from the third tomb at Pazyryk. It is a compound cloth with separate green and red wefts crossing at every fourth warp so as to produce a

double-sided rhomboid pattern. In general it resembles Chinese silks previously known from Noin Ula, in Mongolia, belonging to the first century B.C. A pattern like this, closely depending on the technique of weaving, is little help for dating. A silk from the same tomb, embroidered with pheasants and blossoming branches (described in our earlier article), is more interesting in this respect. Rather similar but more formalised birds are used to decorate a Chinese mirror in the British Museum dating from the fourth century B.C. It is probable that this and other motifs appearing on Chinese bronze mirrors of pre-Han date are inspired by the embroidered patterns, or sometimes the woven patterns, of daily life. This would explain in part why much of the decoration on mirrors differs from that found on bronze vessels made at the same period for ceremonial use. An example of a Chinese mirror of this type was found in Mound VI. Figs. 9 and 10 show the decoration in felt appliqué found on the corners of a felt cover laid over the platform of the chariot in Tomb V. These swan-like birds must also be of Chinese inspiration, although they are executed in the local material.

It remains to speak of the native art which exists at Pazyryk and is partly influenced by these importations, especially by those from the West. This is the elaborate "animal style" peculiar to Scythia, which is found both in Western and Eastern forms—in the Pontic steppes and the Ordos region of China. This "animal art" is of three sorts: (i) the versions of local fauna—mouflon, saiga antelope, roe deer, elk

(Fig. 5), goat and boar, swan, goose and eagle. Here the representation is often cast in a vigorous pattern. (ii) scenes of mythical or real animals attacking others—griffins, lions, tigers (Fig. 6). These owe much to Persian art; (iii) the adaptation of individual motifs, such as cocks' combs or stags' antlers to form a pattern on its own. This is a speciality of the Altai. If we compare this native Scythian animal art with that of the ancient Near East from which its repertoire is much reinforced, we meet strange basic contrasts. The attitude of the artists of the Ancient Near East to their task of representation was at bottom simple. Their imagined demons and animals had an objective existence, and their forms were followed as prescribed, with only minute variations from Sumerian times and hallowed by tradition. Movement was limited and confined to one plane, and it was rarely violent. In Scythian art all is different, and though Near Eastern art is laid under heavy tribute, it is for other purposes. Formerly, owing to false views of chronology, the agitated, even writhing, Scythian animal art, which proliferates heads or bodies, or combines disparate parts of bodies together, was considered to go back to very early, even to Palaeolithic times. This is now shown to be mistaken, since securely dated objects of Scythian style were found recently at Ziwiye, in north-west Persia, belonging to the eighth-seventh centuries B.C. (*The Illustrated London News*, May 6,

1950). These pieces reflect an already vigorous yet youthful animal style, trained to work in broad, contrasted planes, probably originating in wood carving. They mark the first contacts which the "animal style" makes with the Near Eastern world of art. When we meet it again at Pazyryk, we find that it has undergone a further change. A nineteenth-century critic of Greek art, Wölfflin, speaking of more recent times, described European Baroque art as "the dissolution of the classical ideal." At Pazyryk we find the animal style at work in a similar baroque dissolution of the ancient Near Eastern artistic ideal, breaking up the percepts of Near Eastern linear religious art into swirling, fluid movement, seeing a series of cocks' combs in what was once a cable pattern, and a whirligig of antlers in what was a rosette. "In baroque art the artist subordinates everything to a single unified impression, and detail is meaningless except in so far as it contributes to this impression" (*Times Literary Supplement*, February 12, 1954). This is the effect, too, of the "animal style," which must be linked with, and explained by, the character of its creators. Instead of the relatively ordered, objective and rational world of the Near East, the "animal style" expresses the wild and bewildering dream-world of the visionary, the ecstasy of the hemp-smokers, the mysticism of the shamans. It is subjective, full of changing imagery, in which man seems closely bound up with the world of Nature and her animals. The ever-changing symbolism—in which even the buried horses are disguised by masks as elks—was felt to express, and perhaps to allow its makers to take part in, the might and mutability of nature.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



RESIGNED FROM THE KENYA POLICE: COL. ARTHUR YOUNG.
An official announcement from Nairobi on December 20 stated that owing to "differences of opinion" over police policy between him and the Kenya Government, Colonel Young, the Kenya Commissioner of Police, had tendered his resignation to the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring. Colonel Young was seconded from the City of London Police in March.



NEW CHAIRMAN OF VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS, LTD.: MAJOR-GEN. C. A. L. DUNPHIE.
Major-General Dunphie has been appointed chairman of Vickers-Armstrongs, Ltd., in succession to Sir James Reid Young. He retains his present office of managing director. He was educated at the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, and at the R.M.A., Woolwich.



ENDING HER CAREER AS A BALLET DANCER: MOIRA SHEARER.
Moira Shearer, who is the wife of Mr. Ludovic Kennedy, the author, has announced that she is ending her career as a ballet dancer. She returned to London on December 21 with members of the Old Vic Company, after their fourteen-weeks tour of the U.S.A. and Canada.



CREATED A COMPANION OF HONOUR: M. RENÉ MASSIGLI, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.
M. Massigli was invested with the Insignia of a Member of the Order of the Companions of Honour by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on December 21. He has been appointed Secretary-General at the Quai d'Orsay, after being French Ambassador in London since 1944.



NEW B.B.C. GOVERNOR FOR SCOTLAND: MR. T. JOHNSTON.
The new National B.B.C. Governor for Scotland and Chairman of the Broadcasting Council for Scotland, Mr. Thomas Johnston, has resigned the chairmanship of the Scottish Tourist Board on his new appointment. Aged seventy-two, he was Secretary of State for Scotland 1941-45; and is chairman of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board.



AFTER RECEIVING THE B.E.M. FROM THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA: THE KAMBA CHIEF, KASINA.
Chief Kasina, who had both his hands cut off when he was attacked last year, was recently presented with the British Empire Medal by Sir Evelyn Baring. At Kitui, on December 18, he was presented with a Union Flag, which he wished to fly at his guard post.



DIED, AGED FIFTY-FOUR, ON DECEMBER 20: MR. JAMES HILTON, THE NOVELIST.
Mr. James Hilton was the author of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" (dramatised 1938), "Lost Horizon" (Hawthornden Prize 1934) and other best-selling novels, which were equally popular as films. He was closely connected with the film industry; many of his novels were filmed and he worked on numerous scenarios, notably "Mrs. Miniver." His last book, "Time and Time Again," was published in 1953.



AFTER PRESENTING HER CREDENTIALS TO THE QUEEN: MRS. PANDIT, THE NEW INDIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER.
Her Excellency Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit is seen above returning from Buckingham Palace to India House, on December 21, after being received by the Queen, to whom she presented her Letter of Commission as High Commissioner for India in London.



ADMITTED TO THE SWEDISH ACADEMY: MR. DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD
The Secretary-General of the United Nations, Mr. Hammarskjöld, was admitted to the Swedish Academy in Stockholm, on December 19, in direct succession to his father, Mr. Hjalmar Hammarskjöld, who died in October 1953. Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld was formerly Deputy Foreign Minister of Sweden. The ceremony took place before King Gustav and members of the Swedish Royal family.



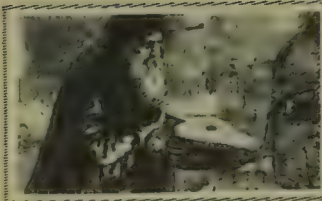
WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN: CHIEF MICHAEL OKORO-DUDU, COMMISSIONER OF WEST NIGERIA.
Mr. Okorodudu, Commissioner in London for the Western Region of Nigeria, the first such appointment since the new Federal Constitution took effect, was at Euston Station on December 20 to meet his wife and four children, who have come to join him.



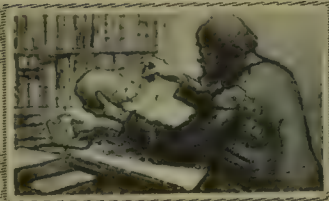
APPOINTED OPPOSITION CHIEF WHIP IN THE LORDS: LORD LUCAN.
The Earl of Lucan has become Opposition Chief Whip in the House of Lords in succession to the late Lord Shepherd. Lord Lucan's father was formerly Conservative Chief Whip in the Lords. His Lordship was educated at Eton and R.M.C., Sandhurst, and commanded the 1st Bn. Coldstream Guards, 1940-42. He was Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, Commonwealth Relations Office, 1951.



THE SCENE AT LANCASTER HOUSE, LONDON, DURING THE SIGNING OF THE AGREEMENT OF ASSOCIATION BETWEEN THE EUROPEAN COAL AND STEEL COMMUNITY AND THE U.K.
The agreement of association between the European Coal and Steel Community and the U.K. was signed at Lancaster House on December 21 between representatives of the six member countries (France, W. Germany, Italy and the Benelux countries), the British Government, and the Community. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Herr F. Etzel (Germany); M. Jean Monnet (President of the Community's High Authority); Mr. Duncan Sandys (U.K.); Sir Hubert Houldsworth (U.K.); Sir Archibald Forbes (U.K.); M. René Massigli (France); Herr Oskar Schlitter (Germany); and the Marquis du Parc-Lochmaria (Belgium).



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MANY things up and down the animal kingdom have developed a pouch for the shelter or transport of the young. We are most familiar with it in the Australian marsupials, the kangaroos, wombats and others, and to a lesser degree in the American marsupials, especially the opossum. In these, the pouch is not always the same. In bipedal marsupials, such as kangaroos and wallabies, and in the tree-climbers, the opening of the pouch is towards the head. In quadrupedal marsupials it opens backwards. There are obvious advantages in these arrangements. What would happen if a bat possessed such a brood-pouch? Bats spend most of their time, the resting hours, hanging head downwards, but their most active moments are spent flying, with the body horizontal or even tilted slightly upwards, so that the head may be said to be, then, virtually upwards.

It is doubtful if Dr. Thomas Horsfield gave much thought to these matters when writing his "Zoological Researches in Java," published in 1824. In that he described a hairless bat, to which he gave the name *Cheiromeles torquatus*, in the museum of the Honourable East India Company. It was a bat with very long, narrow wings, and, although usually referred to as hairless or naked, its body was covered with "an almost imperceptible down, of a brown colour, extending uniformly over it." Young bats are known to cling to the mother's fur in the early stages of life, and it might conceivably have occurred to Horsfield, when he first noticed the "hairless" body of this bat, that there might here be a difficulty in the case of the young. If so, then he must have felt considerable satisfaction in his discovery, as he examined this bat further, that there was a pouch on either side of the body, extending from the armpit to the hinder edge of the wing where it joins the body. The opening to the pouch was therefore directed backwards. Horsfield's satisfaction must have been increased when he found a teat just within the opening of each pouch. So he wrote of it, that by "supplying a deep and extensive pouch, it affords to the young, while they continue at the breast, a convenient covering, and a retreat in which they find the security and temperature they require." Temminck, writing in 1827, described another species from Java, but added little to that already written by Horsfield.

Nothing more is heard of this bat until Dobson wrote his "Catalogue of Chiroptera" in 1878. In this he refers to specimens from the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Java and Borneo, and continues: "The nursing pouches are also peculiar to this species, and are probably absolutely necessary for the preservation of the young, which could scarcely succeed in maintaining its hold on the naked body of the mother during flight. It is interesting to find these pouches developed in both male and female; for their presence in the former suggests the idea that, when two young are born together, the male may relieve the female of the charge of one of them. . . ." Apart from the difficulty of seeing how this would be done, Dobson's suggestion presupposes a greater degree of conjugal

BULLDOG BATS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

co-operation than is found in other better-known species of bats.

Oldfield-Thomas and Wroughton, writing in 1909, describe the bat as very common in Singapore and the neighbouring islands. They include a collector's note that: "It is not an easy species to obtain, as it flies with extreme swiftness . . . and appears only when it is almost dark. Several were shot from the deck of the tongkang but sank at once." Edward H. Taylor, in his "Philippine Land Mammals" (1934), gives details of four specimens captured alive at Mindanao from a trunk of a tree recently felled. Although these

padi from the ripe standing ears. Stores of grain have been found in hollow trees where bats are also, but as Kitchener points out, these have probably been placed there by squirrels or rats. The presence of bulldog bats flying low over the ripe *padi* may be because they are hawking insects.

This same author returned to his subject in a subsequent number of the "Malayan Nature Journal." Having decided to take photographs of this captive specimen, he had the animal suspended from an extended finger. Before photographing he took measurements of the wing-span, and at the same time examined one of the pouches. Protruding from it he noticed "a bunch of several small thin bone-ends." He pulled gently at these, only to find that the whole of the wing came out of the pouch and unfolded.

The second wing was then withdrawn by the bat from the second pouch, and the animal then fluttered its wings for a while before folding them. Then came the second part of this astonishing process. The bat folded the wings back into the pouches.

So far nothing has been said of the bat's hind-legs. These look, at first sight, very like those of any other bat, but there is a difference. The first toe, the large toe, is opposable to the other four, as our thumb is to the fingers. Instead of a claw it carries a flattened nail. It is, in fact, a thumb in all but name and is covered with bristle-like hairs, hooked at the ends. The function of these hairs is not obvious. That of the "thumb" was, however, evident. The hind-foot was used to fold the wing into the pouch, with a few pushes and pats. The wing of one side being stowed away, the bat hanging meanwhile by the foot of the other side changes hands, so to speak, and puts the other wing into its pouch with the foot on that side.

One part of the story of the bulldog bat is satisfactorily settled. It remains to be seen what is the answer to the other—namely, how are the young carried and how do they make use of the teat? Is it while the bat is at rest? This could be, since the nipple is only just inside the border of the pouch, and, apparently, the free ends of the bones are pushed right home. We must wait for the lucky accident of discovery for the answer.

Apparently the significance of this unusual process is that when the wings are folded into the pouch, the rest of the fore-limb takes on more of the character of an arm, and the bat is able to move relatively freely on all fours. The supposition is that, living in large, hollow trees, the bulldog bat must do a fair amount of climbing to find a suitable place to rest.

I have referred to the accident of discovery, and knowledge in this field does so much depend upon it. This does not mean that the bat is rare. Kitchener, in yet another note in the current number of the "Malayan Journal," tells of the aborigines of the Bukit Lagong forest having felled a tree which contained an estimated thousand bats. Perhaps the folding of the wings into pouches is to give elbow-room. In any event, the aborigines have no interest in the function of the pouches—they eat the bat.



REMARKABLE FOR THE PRESENCE OF A POUCH ON EITHER SIDE OF THE BODY, WHICH IS COVERED WITH VERY SHORT HAIR: THE BULLDOG NAKED BAT OF SOUTH-EAST ASIA.

Young bats normally cling to their mother's fur, and the absence of long fur in the bulldog naked bat and the presence of a pouch on either side of the body led to the idea that the latter were used for carrying the young. Dr. Burton describes in his article how it was discovered, quite accidentally, that the bat folds its wings into the pouches. These drawings show (1) the bat with wings outstretched; (2) the hind-foot of a bulldog bat showing the opposable "thumb"; (3) a closer view of the pouches which are now known to house the folded wings; and (4 and 5) stages in the folding of the wings.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

were kept alive for two days, Taylor was unable to add to our knowledge of how and when the pouches were used. Glover M. Allen, in "Bats" (1940), mentions *Cheiromeles* but makes no reference to the pouches.

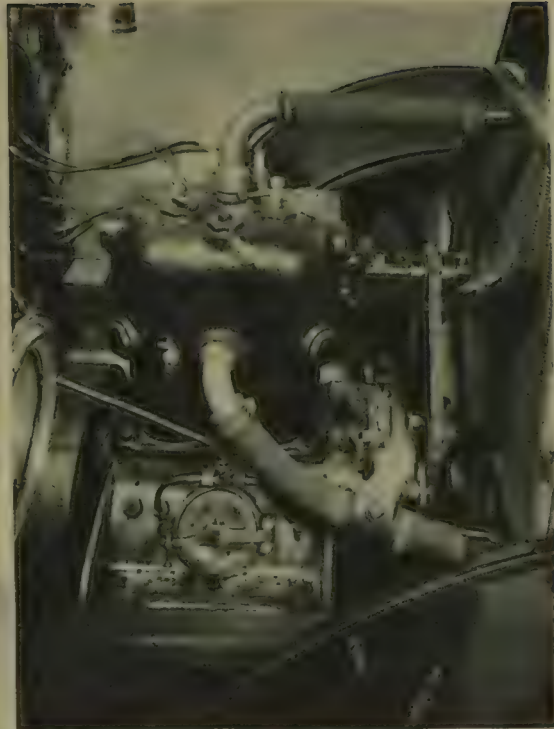
Here, then, is the history of what promised to be one of the most interesting features in the biology of bats, but it is only after the lapse of 130 years that we are nearer knowing the purpose of these pouches. In the "Malayan Nature Journal" (Vol. 8, 1954, page 165), H. J. Kitchener writes a short note about one of these bulldog naked bats, as they are now known, which was found in a concrete drain after a night of heavy rain and thunder. It was 8½ ins. long. This particular specimen was in captivity for four weeks, unable to fly, although it bore no obvious sign of injury. It was fed on grasshoppers and moths. There is a belief among the Malays that the bat collects



THE OILING CONTROL SYSTEM OF *GENEVIEVE*: SIMPLE BUT EFFICIENT. IT IS PRESSURE-FED FROM THE EXHAUST MANIFOLD, WITH CONSTANT DRIP-FEED, ON TOTAL LOSS SYSTEM.



THE STEERING COLUMN, WITH ITS SURPRISINGLY MODERN GEAR CHANGE (THREE SPEEDS AND REVERSE), ADVANCE AND RETARD LEVER AND THROTTLE.



A VIEW OF *GENEVIEVE*'S ENGINE. NOTABLE POINTS ARE: THE BRONZE INSPECTION COVER AND THE DETACHABLE HEXAGON CORE PLUGS ON THE CYLINDER BLOCK FOR CLEANING.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE CLUTCH WITH THE FLOOR-BOARD LIFTED. A HEAVY SPRING-LOADED CONE CLUTCH OPERATES IN A FLY-WHEEL WEIGHING 1 CWT.



THE FILM-STAR HERSELF: A 1904 DARRACQ, BUILT IN THE DAYS BEFORE CAR-DESIGN HAD BECOME THE SLAVE OF FUNCTIONALISM.



GENEVIEVE IN THE FILM OF THE SAME NAME; WITH, AT THE WHEEL, JOHN GREGSON AS THE OWNER-DRIVER; AND (L. TO R.) DIANA SHERIDAN AS HIS WIFE, KENNETH MORE AS THE OWNER OF A RIVAL CAR, AND KAY KENDALL.



"THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS": A FRONT VIEW OF *GENEVIEVE*: THE ROUND BOX ON THE FRONT CROSS MEMBER IS THE COMMUTATOR.



A STARBOARD CLOSE-UP OF *GENEVIEVE*. THE APRON, ALTHOUGH FOUND WITH THE REST OF THE CAR IN 1948, WAS ONLY RECENTLY FITTED. IT SERVES TO KEEP OFF RAIN.



THE FLOOR-BOARDS TAKEN UP TO SHOW THE GEAR-BOX. IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT THE CLUTCH AND BRAKE PEDALS ARE SUSPENDED AS IN THE LATEST MODERN CARS.

THE ANATOMY OF A FAMOUS FILM-STAR: REVEALING CAMERA ANGLES OF *GENEVIEVE*, BEST-KNOWN OF VETERAN CARS.

All who saw the delightful film "Genevieve" were enchanted by the 1904 Darracq car which played the title rôle and stole the film. *Genevieve* (the car) has been recently on loan exhibition in the Museum of Science and Industry, Birmingham; and during her period of exhibition (which ended on Dec. 31) the above series of photographs (with one exception, the film shot) was taken. Mr. Norman V. Reeves, her owner, writes: "It was found by its present owner as the result of an advertisement in 1948, describing it as 'the remains of a 1904 Darracq.' This was literally correct. The car had to be loaded into a lorry by segregating a heap of scrap and after piecing it together we had to manufacture new mudguards, a new radiator, new bonnet and re-upholster, fit new tyres and paint it. The rest of the vehicle and

all the small details are original. It is a 1904 Darracq, 2-cylinder long-stroke 12 h.p. It has a two-bearing crank. . . . It has a side-valve engine and the ignition is of the low-tension trembler type. . . . The steering is of the worm and gear type. . . . The chassis frame is of 10-gauge steel 18 ins. in section from the front dumb irons to the centre of the frame, forming an ordinary U section for the remaining half. The complete vehicle, which is very modern for its age, is an orthodox type of car and is capable of 40 m.p.h. on the flat under favourable conditions. The weight is 17 cwt." As well as appearing in the film, *Genevieve* has taken part in the London-to-Brighton Veteran Car Rallies and several Continental rallies, including Paris, Le Touquet, Brussels and Liège.

TYSON'S TRIUMPH—IN ENGLAND'S VICTORY IN THE SECOND TEST MATCH.



ENGLAND'S TOP-SCORER, P. B. H. MAY, WHO MADE 104 IN THE SECOND INNINGS, HERE SEEN PLAYING LINDWALL'S BOWLING IN THE FIRST INNINGS—IN WHICH HE MADE 5.



THE HERO OF THE MATCH, F. H. TYSON, THE NORTHANTS FAST BOWLER, WHO TOOK 4 FOR 45 IN THE FIRST INNINGS, AND 6 FOR 85 IN THE SECOND.



ENGLAND'S TOP-SCORER IN THE FIRST INNINGS: J. WARDLE, THE YORKS SPIN BOWLER, HOOKING JOHNSTON TO THE BOUNDARY FOR 4 IN HIS CHEERFUL INNINGS OF 35.



ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN, L. HUTTON, DRIVING LINDWALL TO THE OFF IN THE FIRST INNINGS—IN WHICH HE MADE 30 OUT OF 58 FOR 3. LINDWALL'S MATCH TOTAL WAS 5 FOR 116.



THE TOSS: THE TWO CAPTAINS AT SYDNEY, ARTHUR MORRIS (AUSTRALIA) (LEFT) AND LEN HUTTON. MORRIS WON THE TOSS AND SENT ENGLAND IN.



AUSTRALIA'S SECOND TOP-SCORER IN THE FIRST INNINGS: J. BURKE, HITTING A NO-BALL FROM TYSON. HE MADE 44 AND WAS OUT, CAUGHT GRAVENEY, BOWLED BAILEY.



AUSTRALIA'S SECOND WICKET FALLS IN THE FIRST INNINGS AT 65: L. FAVELL, WHO HAD MADE 26, CAUGHT IN THE SLIPS BY GRAVENEY OFF BAILEY'S BOWLING.



THE DISASTROUS START TO THE FIRST INNINGS OF THE MATCH: ENGLAND 1 FOR 14 WITH T. E. BAILEY BOWLED, MIDDLE STUMP, BY LINDWALL, FOR A DUCK.

After her disaster in the first Test at Brisbane, England triumphed at Sydney in one of the most exciting Test matches for many years; and there seems no doubt that it will go down in history as "Tyson's Test." Australia won the toss and Morris put England in on December 17—which by analogy with Hutton's similar action at Brisbane augured well for England. But England's batsmen failed, the side being out for 154, the most cheerful part of which was the last 55, added by Wardle, Appleyard and Statham. Australia were not much more successful against Statham (2 for 83), Bailey (4 for 59) and Tyson (4 for 45), and were all out for 228, with R. Archer (49) top-scorer. England did somewhat better in their second innings, May scoring an excellent 104 and Cowdrey 54, while Appleyard and Statham added a rousing 46 for the last wicket. During this innings Tyson

was knocked out by a bumper on the head from Lindwall and was taken to hospital for an X-ray, but eventually continued his innings. England's total was 296 and Australia needed only 223 to win, on a true wicket. By the end of the third day they had lost Favell and Morris and their score stood at 72 for 2 and it seemed likely that Australia would win. On the fourth day, however, Tyson struck a vein of sustained speed and accuracy against which only R. N. Harvey of the Australians could make any headway, his final score being 92 not out. Tyson in this innings took 6 for 85, four of them being clean-bowled. For a long time the issue was agonisingly in doubt, Harvey and Johnston making 39 for the last wicket, Johnston's wicket falling, appropriately, to Tyson when Australia were 39 short of victory, and England had won by 38 runs.

FUN AND THRILLS AT OLYMPIA: THE GREAT BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS.



FLYING HIGH: THE NEW DE RIAZ, SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT OLYMPIA—THREE MEN AND A GIRL WHO PERFORM THRILLING ACROBATIC TRICKS ON AEROPLANES.



TALKING TO IRMA OLANDO—ONE OF THE FIVE SKATING OLANDOS: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, ALDERMAN H. W. SEYMOUR HOWARD, AT OLYMPIA.



EXPERTS IN BICYCLING BUFFOONERY: THE TWO ARVINGS WHIZZING ROUND THE RING IN A DIZZY DUET ON WHEELS SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT OLYMPIA.



BEARS ON WHEELS: TWO OF RUPERT'S LARGE BROWN BEARS WHICH RIDE BICYCLES, MOTOR-CYCLES AND EVEN HIGH STILT BICYCLES WITH SURPRISING SKILL.



PROBABLY MORE AMUSING TO THE AUDIENCE THAN THE WOULD-BE BRONCO-BUSTER: A VOLUNTEER TRYING TO RIDE KOSSMAYER'S "UNRIDEABLE" MULE.



TONS OF ELEPHANTINE CHARM: ONE OF OSCAR FISCHER'S THREE ELEPHANTS WHO PRESENT THEIR OWN SPECIAL VERSION OF THE FOLIES BÈRGÈRE.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING SKATING ACTS: THE FIVE SKATING OLANDOS, WHO PERFORM INCREDIBLE FEATS ON A TABLE-TOP AT LIGHTNING SPEED.



RETURNING A WATCH WHICH HE HAD TAKEN UNDETECTED FROM FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (RIGHT): BORRA, THE "KING OF PICKPOCKETS."

Christmas without a visit to the circus is as unthinkable as Father Christmas without a beard and flowing red robes, but we have no need to worry for the circus has once again come to town, and, as usual, seems bigger and better than ever. Bertram Mills Circus presents a lavish programme which includes a number of acts which have never been seen before at Olympia. There are clowns, horses, jugglers, acrobats, high-wire walkers, trapeze artists, tigers, bears, table-top

skaters, trick cyclists, an "unrideable" mule and, of course, elephants. A man who has never appeared at Olympia before, though he is well known on the Continent, is Borra, the "King of Pickpockets," who succeeded, at the luncheon given before the opening performance, in taking Field Marshal Lord Montgomery's watch. He was undetected, and the rightful owner was greatly surprised when his watch was handed back to him.



A NEW CHILDREN'S PLAY "PUSS IN BOOTS," SHOWING PUSS (JOHN STRATTON) IN THE KING'S GARDEN WITH THE PRINCESS (JOY PARKER).



THE OGRE (RICHARD GEORGE) CONTEMPLATES HIS THREE-COURSE BREAKFAST! A SCENE FROM "PUSS IN BOOTS," BY NICHOLAS STUART GRAY (FORTUNE THEATRE), SHOWING DANDY (JAMES DORAN—ABOVE, LEFT); PRINCESS ISOBEL (JOY PARKER) AND GERARD (JOHN STONE—RIGHT).



"PUSS IN BOOTS": A SCENE IN WHICH PUSS, AFTER BEING KILLED BY THE OGRE, IS GIVEN ANOTHER LIFE BY COBB (ROBERT SANSOM).



A LAVISH PANTOMIME ON ICE: "ALADDIN" AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) PRINCESS BADROULBADOUR (PEGGY WALLACE) AND ALADDIN (JACQUELINE DU BIEF).



THE FESTIVAL OF LANTERNS IN THE CHERRY GARDEN OF ALADDIN'S PALACE IN PEKIN: ONE OF MANY MAGICAL SCENES FROM "ALADDIN ON ICE."



A CHARMING YOUNG FAWN IN AN AGE-OLD PANTOMIME: THE SWEDISH SKATER BRITA AS SUKI IN "CINDERELLA ON ICE" AT THE EMPRESS HALL, LONDON.



ALL READY TO GO TO THE BALL: SONYA KAYE, THE AMERICAN SKATING STAR, AS CINDERELLA, IN THE PANTOMIME ON ICE AT THE EMPRESS HALL.



FLYING THROUGH THE AIR WITH HER BROOM: SONYA KAYE, WHO IS PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN "CINDERELLA ON ICE" WHICH IS PRESENTED BY CLAUDE LANGDON.

CHRISTMAS FARE IN THE LONDON THEATRE: A NEW CHILDREN'S PLAY AND TWO SPECTACULAR PANTOMIMES ON ICE.

There are four new plays for children in the London theatre this Christmastide and the first to be seen was Mr. Nicholas Stuart Gray's "Puss in Boots," which opened at the Fortune Theatre on December 20. It is based on the story by Perrault and is delightfully dressed in seventeenth-century costume. The younger generation are fast starting to regard pantomime on ice as almost the only form of pantomime, and this year there are two seemingly magical productions for their

delight. One is "Cinderella on Ice," at the Empress Hall, London, and the other "Aladdin on Ice," at the Empire Pool, Wembley. In the latter the title-rôle is played by Miss Jacqueline du Bief, France's world ice-skating champion, who is making her pantomime début. At the Empress Hall Cinderella is played by an American star, Sonya Kaye from New York, who is ably supported by our own comedian, Tommy Trinder, who plays Buttons.



AT LONDON'S ONLY WEST END PANTIMIME: A SCENE AT KING GOOSE'S COURT—WHERE NO QUACKING IS ALLOWED—in "MOTHER GOOSE" AT THE PALLADIUM.



IN A PANTIMIME DEVISED ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN: MARGERY DAW (SHIRLEY EATON) AND MOTHER GOOSE (RICHARD HEARNE) IN "MOTHER GOOSE." THE PART OF SAMMY IS PLAYED BY MAX BYGRAVES, AND MARGARET BURTON IS THE PRINCIPAL BOY.



SEEN IN LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1934: "TOAD OF TOAD HALL," A. A. MILNE'S ADAPTATION OF KENNETH GRAHAME'S BOOK, SHOWING TOAD (LEO MCKERN) AND MARIGOLD (ZENA WALKER).



PERFORMED BY ACTORS AND ACTRESSES FROM THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE: "TOAD OF TOAD HALL" (PRINCES), SHOWING (L. TO R.) MOLE (EDWARD ATIENZA), TOAD (LEO MCKERN), RATTY (WILLIAM SQUIRE), BADGER (BREWSTER MASON) AND ALFRED THE HORSE.



FROM DECEMBER 27 TO JANUARY 4 AT THE WIGMORE HALL, LONDON: THE "LANCHESTER MARIONETTES"—A SCENE FROM "THE MAN, THE FISH AND THE SPIRIT," A PLAY ADAPTED FROM THE POEM BY LEIGH HUNT.



A CHRISTMAS SHOW TO DELIGHT THE CHILDREN: "NODDY IN TOYLAND" (STOLL), WHICH IS ENID BLYTON'S FIRST PLAY. A SCENE SHOWING THE PEOPLE OF TOY TOWN GATHERED ROUND NODDY (BUNNY MAY), WHO IS AT THE WHEEL OF HIS TAXI.

SOME CHRISTMAS FARE IN THE LONDON THEATRE: A PANTIMIME AND PLAYS TO DELIGHT YOUNG AND OLD.

It would be a difficult child indeed who could not find something to please him or her amongst the Christmas fare in the London theatre. This year the tastes of children have been specially catered for and the menu includes a pantomime, and old and new plays for their delight. At the Princes Theatre, actors and actresses from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre have brought to London A. A. Milne's musical play, "Toad of Toad Hall," which has not been seen in town since 1934.

This is the first time that a company from Stratford-upon-Avon has ever appeared in London in a play not by Shakespeare. The West End's only pantomime, "Mother Goose," is presented by Mr. Val Parnell at the Palladium, and the lavish, spectacular production is indeed a rich Christmas feast. The "Lanchester Marionettes," at Wigmore Hall from December 27 to January 4, are presenting special children's programmes every afternoon, in addition to evening performances.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

OF the many more-or-less epics now proceeding from South Africa, one can say roughly that those by men favour an extroverted theme, while women are inclined to concentrate on the development of some young female. Which does not mean that their productions are less massive. If one finds fault, it will be rather with their specific density—their crowded maps, on which an area so limited is reproduced, approximately, at a mile to the mile. And perhaps also with the sinner's personality.

I am not absolutely generalising from a single instance; but those who have read "Martha Quest" will identify "A Proper Marriage," by Doris Lessing (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), as a likely case in point. It has, in fact, these very drawbacks: oppressive density, excess of heroine, and insufficient charm. But it is still a remarkable work: a brilliant, obviously truthful portrait, embedded with great vigour in its place and time.

Martha, it will not be forgotten, was a fierce dissident and "intellectual" from her earliest years—and almost without prompting, since there was nobody to guide her but the Cohen boys at the store. She loathed the run-down farm, read avidly, warred on her mother with the ferocity of a Red Indian, and finally escaped to town. And here another element came into play. For Martha's scorn of the established, and truculent resolve to "be herself," goes with a no less powerful instinct for being in the swim. That is, the swim of her own age-group, of the town's bright young people. Then there is the compulsion of her sex; of she has to feel herself a complete woman. Morals are of course anathema; and there is going to be a war—although with whom, the Colony regards as a toss-up—and somehow, from one moment to the next, she has got married. Douglas is just "one of the boys"—nothing whatever to her personally; it was a gang-event, followed by a gang-honeymoon, and now by more communal frolics. Martha the "person" hourly expects it to break up; Martha the bride chums languidly with other brides, like them resents the bridegrooms' championing for the battlefield, and even makes the same retort—"starting a baby." Which was so vehemently unintended as to seem impossible. Then, all at once, she is all for it. In the next few months, female compulsion, female fellowship are at the peak; Martha the person becomes latent, though she remains on watch. Then Douglas is discharged unfit. It is the end of youth; and so, like everybody else, he sets up credit-housekeeping on a large scale. And once again Martha conforms. Almost, she has another baby.

Martha is not so likeable as could be wished; but she is certainly a feat. So is the unsparing portrait of the Colony in wartime: and of its tough, exuberant young heroes, always at point to shed an ocean of self-pitying tears.

OTHER FICTION.

Nevertheless, "The Faithful Ally," by Eric Linklater (Cape; 10s. 6d.), with its much looser web, its ease of manner and of mind, its very masculine good spirits, has a lot more charm. Also, it has a picturesque, exciting story with a moral. "Have you ever ridden a bicycle?" asks the Sultan of Namua, in British New Brabant. "Then you know what happens when you stop pedalling. You fall off. And the same thing happens to a ruler who stops ruling..." He was himself cut out for an adventurous and brilliant ruler—a "faithful ally" of the British, like his grandfather in Queen Victoria's time. But knowing that he would never be allowed to do anything, and having a robust physique and a decided genius for conviviality, he has instead employed these gifts. While his Adviser, Mr. Morland, is a bureaucrat of the new school, patient, meticulous, long-suffering—or as young Kershawe has it, "one of the gelded trustees of an international orphanage." Kershawe is not a bully; he has no wish to "fire a shot in anger" at his Maipani primitives; but he does think Samarai ought to be locked up. This new messiah prophesies a heavenly aeroplane, soon to descend with all good things, and sweep away the British administration. Hundreds of tribesmen are already waiting for it, and still the numbers grow. And Mr. Morland's remedy is to do nothing. However, he flies up to Maipani—and with him an excited anthropologist named Pemberton and his young, frightened wife. And when the mail-plane next appears, who should step out of it but the Sultan and his latest flame, a so-called "Communist adventuress." The stage is set; and the two theories of rule engage in a dramatic tug-of-war, with an ironic close.

"The Healing Oath," by André Soubiran (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), is interesting and attractive out of proportion to the space I can give it. There is not much of a plot; it is the experience of a young medico doing his first job as locum to an old doctor in the Auvergne. Jean is a weakish character, with an addiction to city lights; and at first the filth, stench, misery and bleakness of his new environment are almost more than he can stomach. He abhors the peasantry—so sly, so brutish, so unfeeling. They have driven sensitive young Dr. Ricaud, of the pathetic bicycle and wasted zeal, half-mad with failure and humiliation. Though it is true that Bonnafy, the not-unscrupulous careerist, has made a good thing out of them; while as for old Dr. Delpuech, he is father to the countryside. Jean, too, begins to feel that such diversity, such hardships and responsibilities make a good life... but on his return to Paris, old weaknesses rush in, and it requires an ordeal to reclaim him.

A work of fascinating realism, full of dramatic instances, and full of heart. "He Never Came Back," by Helen McCloy (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), opens with footsteps closing on a thief, who has the priceless Fire of India ruby. He dumps it on the junk jewellery counter of a ten-cent store, to be retrieved next day. Two seconds afterwards, he is run over. And at that very moment, Sara is buying the jewel—on the advice of Gerry Hone, the young man from upstairs. Gerry takes her to an automat—and disappears. Later, at her old, old Aunt Caroline's, someone declares the ruby to be genuine; it is passed round, and disappears. And then the vanished Gerry turns up again as though nothing had happened. Only she knows it isn't Gerry. This is not the author's most gripping story; but, although rather lightweight, it is excellent in its own style.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ALEXANDER M'DONNELL, whose games with Labourdonnais a century and a quarter ago drew the world's chess spot-light, was accustomed to say that the only things which spoil chess were the board and men.

Few strong chess-players can have failed to notice occasions when the presence of the accoutrements of the game before them was a positive hindrance to their imaginings. Particularly in endgames, where computation can leap many moves ahead, it is fairly common to be coping mentally with an imagined position in which every piece or pawn has wandered from its actual position on the board. It is frequently a help to close one's eyes, gaze vacantly into space and bring the future into the present, rather than distract yourself with a "present" position which is really already consigned to the past.

Clearly, all chess is, to some extent, "blindfold chess." Whether you fancy yourself at the latter or not, you inevitably indulge in it to some extent, if you play chess at all. So it is not surprising that blindfold chess has been practised, though intermittently, through all ages.

In some ways, it seems to me, our remote forbears would dispense with boards and men even more readily than we. Board and men are eminently solid, practical adjuncts; and it is now a commonplace of history that science remained stunted for centuries simply because men preferred to be on their backs and philosophise rather than take the practical step of manufacturing a few solid, practical adjuncts in the form of simple machines to test their theories.

Aristotle said "Heavy bodies fall more quickly than light." This statement was accepted without test. It seems beyond all belief that nearly twenty centuries should elapse before its falsity was shown up by Galileo. Nor was Pisa's famous leaning tower an essential requisite. Throughout those 2000 years, anybody dropping a couple of pebbles from a high building or suitable cliff could, with the co-operation of an obliging friend below, have burst the Aristotle bubble. Nobody did.

Chess did not exist, recognisably, in the time of the ancient Greeks. Viewing them impartially in their greatness and their weakness, I am half-convinced of one thing. We, conditioned by centuries of worship of practical things—too idolatrous a worship, some would say—find it an unpleasant strain to play a game away from the board and men. If chess had existed in their time, I am convinced (from all I have read and heard about their ways of thought) those ancient Greeks would have been as happy playing it blindfold as not.

Surpassing even the Greeks in their reverence for immobile contemplation, have been, throughout almost their entire history, the Indians. A Buddhist manuscript of the fifth century B.C., referring to board games like, though of course pre-dating, chess, refers to the common practice of "imagining such boards in the air."

I consider this a strong pointer. Arabs play chess even to-day with such nondescript men (their religion forbidding recognisable likenesses) that Europeans often find it a sore trial telling one piece from t'other. For centuries nobody bothered to checker the squares—a plain criss-cross board would do. For centuries after chess was born—if you ask me—it was quite common to do without board and men altogether.

"Why is there not more evidence and mention of this blindfold chess?" Well, if anything is an everyday, accepted custom, you don't bother to mention it. The really noteworthy chess would be that played on inlaid and jewelled boards and the old chronicles, time and again, let themselves go in rapturous descriptions of these. Costly boards and men and the rarity (for those days) of scribes and parchment went naturally together. The unlettered and unrecorded poor played blindfold.

How many unsuspected blanks are there in our picture of history, I wonder? The Pharaohs created a great civilisation; but how much would we know of it to-day, had they not so obligingly believed it necessary to embalm their dead, load them with gifts and enshrine them in protective mountains of hewn stone?

attempt to resist the decline (though Indonesia was a grave setback later) and therefore it is a pleasure to read "First Commonwealth Division," by Brigadier C. N. Barclay, C.B.E., D.S.O. (Gale and Polden; 25s.). The frontispiece shows a group—by, in, or on a jeep—of representatives of all the Commonwealth countries to provide units of this now famous division. England and Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Wales and Northern Ireland, Scotland and India are all there. This tale of fine achievement in the cause of freedom gains rather than loses from the fact that no art is used to gild the lily, and that the story is left to tell itself.

Miss Gretel Beer says in her introduction to "Austrian Cooking" (André Deutsch; 10s. 6d.) that: "The culinary flavour of Austria is a gentle flavour. It knows the fiery spices of Hungary and the elegance of French cuisine. It derives much of its strength from Moravia and much of its daring from Poland. It is a broad-minded flavour—if flavours can be broad-minded—a flavour that knows the meaning of compromise." This is by way of being a culinary family album, the result of recipes collected by members of Miss Beer's Austrian family through the generations.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"MARXISM."

AS an ardent fan of the Marx Brothers I was delighted to read "Groucho," by Arthur Marx (Gollancz; 16s.). Of all the brothers, Groucho is the most remarkable and this amused and amusing biography by his son Arthur will give pleasure to amateurs of the Marx Brothers all over the world. In their early days, before they made their great success, the brothers must have been a fantastic and rumbustious lot. Writing of this time, Mr. Arthur Marx says: "The Marxes were a hilarious group when they were together. They were loud, raucous, and never took anything seriously. The jokes would fly back and forth across the table so rapidly you couldn't keep up with them. And all the brothers but my father were accomplished at the art of doing table tricks. They'd be spring-boarding silverware into glasses of water, making rabbits out of napkins, pulling cards from their sleeves, and perhaps shooting

dice with the sugar cubes." Their first real great success came when they "teamed up with" Irving Thalberg. It was not easy. Irving Thalberg kept the brothers waiting. After a bit Groucho and his brothers "took out big cigars, lighted them and started blowing clouds of smoke under Thalberg's door. Pretty soon Thalberg noticed the smoke, and, imagining that his reception room was on fire, he rushed to the door to investigate. As Thalberg opened it and peered out, Groucho and his brothers stuck their feet in the door and would not budge until the producer consented to let them in immediately." It must have been, to say the least of it, a little wearing being producer to the Marx Brothers. On another occasion, when the brothers were kept waiting, Thalberg's secretary finally went off duty, remarking: "He will see you any hour now." This was too much for the Marx Brothers, who collected her desk, and all the heavy steel filing cabinets, and pushed them in front of the door. They then went home. It took Thalberg an hour to make his escape. In this delightful book there is one charming piece of unconscious humour. Says young Mr. Marx: "Groucho's attitude about Christmas has always been the same. . . . He believes that the Christmas spirit is commendable, but that the holiday itself has become much too commercialised. . . . However, he accepts Christmas with good-humoured resignation." This reminds me of the delightful story of a member of the Cuban branch of the great Gonzalez family, who was invited to a Christmas Eve party in New York given by a well-known New York Jew—shall we call him Mr. Fleggenheimer? There was a Christmas tree, the Christ child in a manger, a muted radiogram playing "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht"—all of which slightly surprised the devout Catholic Senora Gonzalez. "Surely, Mrs. Fleggenheimer," she asked her hostess, "You don't celebrate Christmas?" "My dear," came the reply, "we are just mad keen on Christmas!"

To descend from the gorgeously ridiculous to the sublime is to pass from the life of Groucho to "Conquest by Man," by Paul Herrmann (Hamish Hamilton; 30s.). This remarkable book has as its sub-title "The Saga of Early Exploration and Discovery." It is a description of how our remote ancestors set off from the various cradles of civilisation to create the great buildings or delicate works of art, many of which remain as fresh and attractive to-day as they were a couple of millennia ago. And what interesting sidelights on history it contains! The Trojan War, under the skilled hand of Herr Herrmann, becomes an economic battle (coloured by the writings of a skilled propagandist of the name of Homer) to break the Trojan blockade of the Dardanelles and to allow the Hellenes trading access to the Black Sea. The heroes of this remarkable piece of evocative ancient history are the Greeks and the Carthaginians (that most unpleasant race), the Vikings and the Arabs. This is a book for adults with a taste for pre- or ancient history, but one could also recommend it as post-Christmas reading for the more intelligent young before they go back to school.

Few British Colonial administrators have so captured the imagination of later generations as did Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of Singapore. Mr. C. E. Wurtzburg has produced what is probably rightly described as the "definitive biography" of this great man, which is published under the title of "Raffles of the Eastern Isles" (Hodder and Stoughton; 42s.). Raffles was only forty-five when he died in 1826, but in his short life he had laid the foundations of the British Empire and influence in the Far East. As Lieut.-Governor of Java and Sumatra during the period of the Napoleonic Wars, Raffles contended successfully with the Dutch, and the French, and with his own countrymen—no less ready to put difficulties in his way than they were in India in the times of Clive and Warren Hastings. Singapore is, of course, his greatest monument, and stands to-day as a permanent memento of this handsome man and splendid and tireless administrator and innovator. This book is a notable addition to the literature about the fine and self-sacrificing men who laid the foundations of the British Empire, and the influence of European civilisation in the East.

That influence has been gravely threatened during the past twenty years, and particularly since the war. The Korean campaign was probably the first successful



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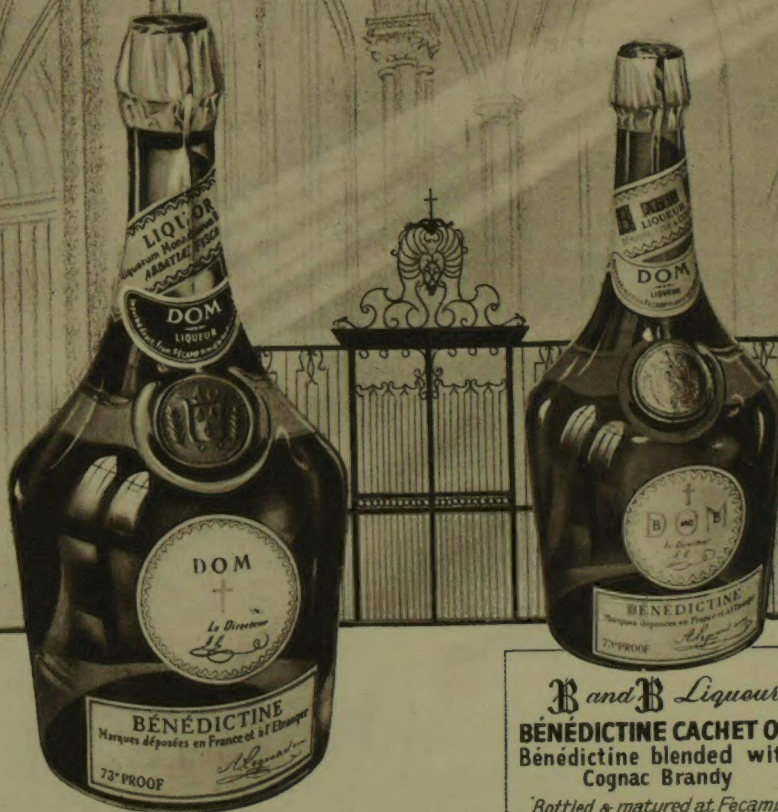
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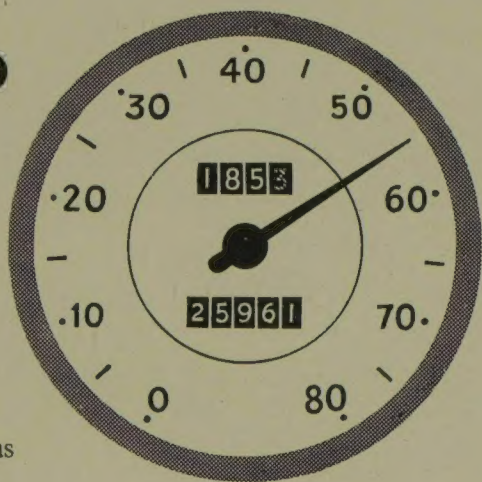
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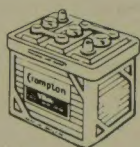
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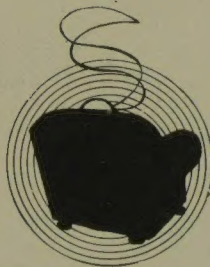
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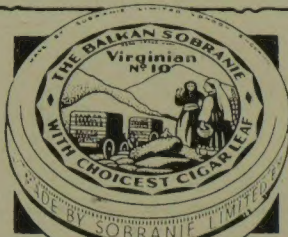


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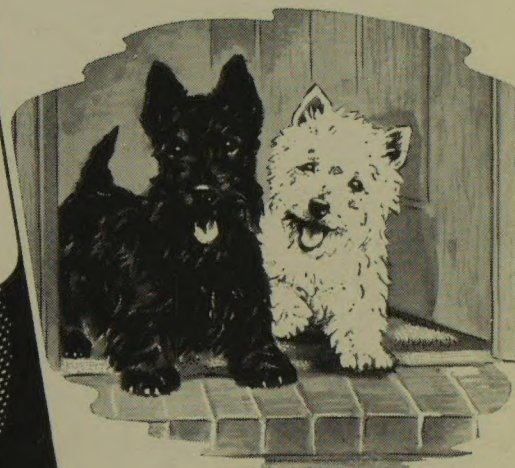
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